
M Y S T E R Y

OF THE

Black Tower.

Y I T S Y M

1883

THE
MYSTERY
OF THE

Black Tower,

A ROMANCE,

BY

JOHN PALMER, JUN.

AUTHOR OF THE

HAUNTED CAVERN.



Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

SHAKESPEARE.



VOL I

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DEDICATION.

TO

MRS. VERNON,

MY DEAR MADAM,

WHEN I first requested permission to inscribe the following work to you, the partiality of your friendship led you to think, that my own interest should urge me rather to seek the sanction of a higher name: but, surely, an author may be allowed the privilege of chusing his own patron, and dedications be a tribute to private worth, as well as the meed of public desert.

b

As

As a wife, and as a mother, Mrs. Vernon has ever been a pattern of all that is praise-worthy and good ; and, left a widow, she has reared a numerous offspring to honour, by instilling into the breasts of her daughters the lessons of truth, and of prudence ; and inspiring her sons with every sentiment of manly virtue. Those sons now stand forward, as soldiers, to defend the rights of their country ; may they return, crowned with conquest, and hailed by the applause of their countrymen, to bless a parent, to whom they are so much indebted !

Beyond all this, the particular obligations which I am under to you, demand every grateful return I can make, and the following pages are all I have to offer : not that I have vanity enough to imagine this dedication will add much

5 celebrity

celebrity to your name : should the story itself charm an anxious hour, it is all I dare hope. If, however, "*The Mystery of the Black Tower*," be stamped with public approbation, it will remain a lasting memorial of that unalterable affection and esteem, with which I am,

My dear Madam,

Your very sincere,

and faithful servant,

JOHN PALMER, Jun.

Yours very truly

1947

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A.

L I S T

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THE
MYSTERY
OF THE
Black Tower.

CHAP. I.

Yet why should Man, mistaken, deem it nobler
To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
Than in God's forests, Architect supreme!
Say, is the Persian carpet, than the fields
Or meadows mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
Or softer to the votaries of ease
Than bladed grafs—perfum'd with dew-drop flow'rs!

WHARTON,

He prefer'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank;
Still shun'd their company, and still sought mine.
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his love:
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would shew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

DRYDEN.

DURING the reign of the illustrious
Edward of Windsor, the scourge of
Gallia, and whose warlike arm plucked from
VOL. I. B her

her pallid sons fresh leaves of laurel, which he entwined in England's diadem; a peasant, named Christopher, resided in a beautiful valley in Northumberland, from which the golden rays of Phœbus were excluded by the impervious branches of a hanging wood, that environed it, and cast a delightful shade upon the plain beneath.

Christopher's family was composed of a wife and son: Leonard, so was the latter called, had not attained his twentieth year; the down of manhood was scarcely spread over his countenance, yet were his limbs athletic, and his constitution hardy; in short, he was formed for the service of Mars, though to face the nightly wolf, or drive the banditti from the vale, was all he knew of war, save the instructions he received from his father, who had spent his spring of life in the service of his country, and now strove to impress the mind of his offspring with the desire of arms.

In love, Leonard was a greater adept; his heart had long been captured by the charms of Emma, daughter of a neighbouring hind, who returned his love with interest; and unacquainted with the little arts practised by too many of her sex, she frankly owned he possessed her affection. Their mutual passion had not, however, escaped the penetrating eye of Christopher, and his wife Barbara, who forbade their son to encourage it. He promised never to call her his without their approbation; but at the same time refused to discontinue his addresses to her: he thought their commands unjust.

“Is she not,” he would say to himself, “my equal in point of condition? In personal endowments how far my superior: I will not scorn the mandate of my parents, but to cease loving and to see her is impossible.”

While Emma was tending her flock, Leonard generally amused himself with flinging the bar, shooting at a mark, or some such

manly exercise. One evening, while he was employed in the latter diversion, his mistress exclaimed, "Is it possible your heart can be susceptible of love? You never appear so much inspired as when you are wrestling with the swains, then you are happy; but when with me, you are obliged to seek society in your bow and arrows."

"Does my Emma," replied the youth, "censure me for endeavouring to render myself worthy of her? My present humble estate does not entitle me to the blessing of your hand; it were to place the diamond from the eye of day; my aim must therefore be to acquire that fortune, which but for your sake I should despise."

She was about to make an answer, when Christopher joined them, and put an end to their discourse.

"So, sir," he cried, "here you are at your usual vocation: but you must now prepare

pare for other wars, than those on foolish damsel's hearts: follow me home immediately."

With these words he sullenly departed; and, while Leonard remained pondering on his speech, the sound of a trumpet, for the first time, pierced his ear, and made the blood fly mantling to his cheek: forgetful of his fair companion, he ran towards the castle, which was situated on an eminence of the eastern hill, and commanded a view of the spacious ocean that laved the base of the cliff whereon it reared its towering head. The God of day, who was rapidly descending beneath the opposite wood, cast his bright influence on the battlements, that shewed themselves above the trees, and gave a burning polish to them. He entered the courtyard, which was filled with armed men; their glittering helmets, and their towering plumes, caused him to eye the warriors with wonder; and admiration fixed him to the spot, till recollecting he had come thither uninvited,

he hastily withdrew, and in his return met Emma, driving her flock homeward. He instantly joined her, and saw her safe to the portal of her father's dwelling.

By this time the mist of night was diffused over the face of earth, and nought was heard, save the screeching sounds of the moping owl, or plaintive notes of the mournful nightingale.

Leonard was bending his way homeward, when his steps were arrested by a light that issued from an apartment in the northern tower of the castle, which was reported to be the abode of some disembodied spirit, and was known by the appellation of the Black Tower. There was, indeed, a mystery entailed on the mansion, which he could never penetrate: often had he questioned Christopher on the subject, but to no purpose, he was always silenced, and still remained perplexed in the mazes of conjecture. In the chamber before-mentioned, (which was entirely

tirely shut up and uselefs) lights had been frequently seen by the inhabitants of the vale, which caused them to be considered as the work of some supernatural agency.

Repairing to his own cottage, he was much surprised to find old Barbara in tears.

“What,” said the youth, “my beloved mother, is the cause of this your grief?”

“Alas!” she replied, “I have too much cause. Know you not that our Lord Fitz-allan has authorized this strange Baron, who is just arrived, to raise troops amongst his vassals? Twenty are to go; who they are, poor unfortunate souls, the lots will determine: you may possibly be amongst them, and we shall lose the prop of our declining years.”

Leonard's eyes flashed with joy. “And do you weep for this?” he cried, “Restrain your briny sorrow, and fear not but heaven will

restore me to you. Now that one half of Europe is in arms, how inglorious must be that man's soul, who, unrestrained by age, burns not to join the warlike conflict."

"Oh nature! thou wilt break forth!" cried Barbara, turning her eyes towards heaven, while scalding drops rolled through the furrows of her aged cheek, as the cataract rushes down the rugged mountain's side.

"No more of this ridiculous whining!" exclaimed Christopher, "the cause is a good one: I have often fought these Scots, and know their courage to be as hardy as their element. No honour can be lost by combating them, though much is to be gained; nor is the brave Baron De Courci, under whose banner you serve, a Knight who will suffer valour to go unrewarded. Therefore boy hold yourself in readiness, and pray it may be your destiny to follow him."

Supper

Supper was now produced, of which Leonard eat sparingly; the occurrences of the evening ran strongly in his mind, and deprived him of appetite. He retired to rest, but for a long time could not entice the balmy power of sleep, and when he dropped into a slumber, his dreams presented the warriors he had seen: he fought battles in imagination, and was awakened by the fancied noise of the shrill trumpet. Thus he passed the night, and no sooner was the veil of darkness removed to the other world, than he arose, and, having equipped himself in his best doublet, he sat at the window watching for the moment which was to determine his stay or go, racked by anxiety. At length the sounds of martial musick echoed from the castle, on which he rushed from the cottage, and was joined by the inhabitants of the dale. Soon after the troops appeared, issuing from the leafy labyrinth, headed by the Baron De Courci and his son.

Instantly the drawing of the lots commenced; but no pen can do justice to the countenance of Leonard, on finding himself doomed to remain at home: his features, that were before animated by hope, were now contracted, and disappointment lowered his brow, as the dark thunder cloud suddenly envelopes the blue and concave firmament.

The Baron noticed his agitation. "What," said he, "young man, occasions your disorder?"

"My Lord," replied the youthful peasant, "I would be a soldier: I have tarried in this peaceful spot too long; my country demands my arm, and I cannot refrain from accusing fate, who has prevented my accompanying you to the field of glory."

"And what, my friend," cried De Courci, speaking to one, whom fortune, willing to evince her blindness, had dubbed soldier, "What is the cause of thy despondency?"

"Truly,

"Truly, my Lord," he returned, "I am no miser: I do not covet the glory my friend talks of, and will, with pleasure, resign my share to him."

Leonard's heart dilated with rapture, and the cowardice of this reptile, for which, on any other occasion, he would have spurned him, was lost in the hope of obtaining his post.

"My Lord," he exclaimed, "will you deign to accept my services in lieu of his? I will serve you faithfully!"

"I will be sworn thou wilt," quoth De Courci, "thou wilt add honour to my followers, who would be disgraced by the company of yon paltroon. Let those who are allotted soldiers follow me."

He marched to the Castle of Fitzallan, attended by his new troops, with whom he proceeded to the armoury, where they quick-

ly caparisoned themselves. The son of Christopher being equipped, was about to depart, but was stopped by the Baron.

“ Hold !” cried he, presenting him with a sword richly studded, “ Already I feel an interest in your behalf: receive this as an earnest of my future favour.”

“ Excuse me, my Lord,” replied Leonard, “ I am unworthy of such honour: this I am about to wear is good enough. When I have rusted it in the blood of England’s enemies, I may claim a better.”

“ True,” said Lord De Courci, “ but wear this for me, and if you consider it as an obligation, repay me by making a brave use of it. To-morrow, by early dawn, we depart for the borders.”

Leonard bowing, took his leave, and hastened to the spot where Emma constantly tended her sheep, secretly vowing to spill his
last

last blood in the service of so gallant a leader. The timid maid shrieked at the sight of him.

“Do you not know me?” said the peasant, raising his beaver.

“Oh, Heavens!” she cried, “Is it my Leonard? Then my fears are true!”

“I foresaw this meeting,” he replied, “and painful it is to me. But hear, nor vainly seek to put me from my purpose. I cannot resolve to spend my life in this sequestered place, to die unknown, and unregretted: though humbly born, I wish my name may descend unto posterity; to convince the world it is not the splendid title, or gaudy ermine of an Emperor, can constitute true greatness, unless when backed by real worth; otherwise he is more abject than his meanest subject, and his boasted grandeur serves but to unveil his failings, and make them more conspicuous. The happy chance I have long wished for, is arrived, and though

parting with you will much embitter it, yet, should my heart strings crack, I will not quit my design."

"Go then," quoth the maid, "but, oh! forget not Emma."

"Impossible! while life continues, you will be certain of my tenderest thoughts."

"Farewell!" she said, "may Heaven preserve you!"

The tears, at these words, stood trembling on her cheek like morning dew upon the opening lily.

"No more," exclaimed Leonard, "fear not my safety; and for my love, I call each heavenly power to witness this my vow. No time shall ever diminish the fervour of my passion, or other beauties make me forget the object of it. Adieu, remember me in your oraisons."

He

He pressed her hand to his lips, and, tearing himself away, repaired homeward, where his feelings were again roused by the grief of Barbara.

“ Unfeeling boy !” cried the old woman, “ you will break my heart : the lot fell not to you, yet you must wilfully run your head in danger.”

“ Cease mother !” answered her son, “ nor wound me by the sight of your sorrow : something tells me I shall return to bless your aged arms : the life of a peasant I cannot brook, and I would rather die in honour, than live in poor obscurity !”

“ Enough,” quoth Christopher, “ I commend thy valour.”

He then drew from his pocket a miniature richly set. “ Wear this within your bosom,” continued he, “ treasure it as your existence, nor lose it as you value your future happiness.”

Leonard

Leonard took it with astonishment, and found it was the portrait of a Knight: the back of the picture was much disfigured, and appeared as if some characters had been scratched thereon; not one letter, however, could he distinguish.

“Ask me no questions,” said the old man, observing he was about to speak, “you will know more hereafter. Once more I conjure you to be careful of my gift.”

The youth promised he would not be separated from it, but, with his life. They shortly after parted for the night; but Leonard could not close his eye-lids: the mystery of the portrait he had received: the sudden change in his situation, employed his thoughts, and forbade his enjoying the renovating power of sleep.

He arose, 'ere the first tints of Aurora enlightened the eastern horizon, and buckled on his armour: long he did not tarry before
he

he perceived the troops issue from the wood into the valley; on which he descended from the chamber, and took leave of his parents. His parting was tender and respectful; he embraced them both with an unfeigned ardour, and the tear of filial affection trembled in his eye, as he received their benediction.

In the plain he found the Lord De Courci. "Come, my young friend," he cried, "we tarry for you."

The peasant having apologized for his absence, mounted his horse, and the Baron caused him to ride on one side of himself, treating him with the condescending familiarity of an equal. In their course they passed the dwelling of Emma, who sat at the window pale and weeping. Leonard kissed his hand to her, which she returned, and followed him with her eyes, till the envious woods concealed him from her view; she thought, perhaps, for ever!

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field ;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play ;
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men:

POPE.

THEY commenced their progress north-ward: during their march, Leonard frequently turned his head, and viewed the soldiers, with an enthusiastic delight, as the sun-beams danced upon their glossy crests, and

and gave them an appearance more than mortal.

“ Tell me, my young friend,” said the Baron, as they proceeded, “ how came the love of arms so strongly to possess you? In the sequestered spot, where you have passed your time, I should have imagined no thought, save that of peace, would have possessed you.”

“ Since my Lord deigns to ask,” replied the youth, “ he shall know the cause. Some four years since, it was I think on the eve of Christmas, as the peasants of our valley were regaling themselves, and wiling away the time in innocent pleasures, an aged minstrel arrived amongst them. I was at the time a boy, but the verses of the bard can never be blotted from my recollection: he sung of the Grecian and Trojan heroes; of the virtues and sufferings of the illustrious Alfred, and concluded with the valour and heroism of the renowned Cœur de Lion. His words touched my very heart, and the manly firmness

ness with which he struck the trembling strings, fired my youthful mind: from that time my rustic sports, and employments, were neglected, and, as far as in my power lay, I strove to qualify myself for the distinguished character of a soldier."

"That you will be a good one," quoth De Courci, "I prognosticate." Then turning to his son, "admit this young stranger to your confidence, he deserves, or I am much deceived, your warmest esteem."

Edgar, so was his offspring called, congratulated his new acquaintance on the many happy days he hoped they should pass together; while Leonard, overpowered by gratitude, could only bow in silence for the unmerited generosity he experienced.

Here it may not be improper to give a brief abstract of the occasion of the war, in which they were about to engage.

On

On the coronation of Edward the Third, the subjects of Gallia, who had been apprehended in England, were emancipated; and as Charles, the French King, had entered in the business, merely to forward the designs of his sister, the consort of Edward of Caernarvon, and that being obtained, a peace was instantly concluded. The Scots, however, who had no connexion with the Queen, resolved to avail themselves of the distracted state into which their neighbour kingdom was at that time plunged. They therefore attempted to surprise the castle of Norham, in which they were frustrated, by the vigilance of Sir Robert Mannours, the Governor. The English Consul instantly sent Ambassadors to Robert Bruce, the Caledonian Sovereign, to complain of the breach of the treaty which had taken place, and also to treat about a final pacification. That active Prince, however, whose life had been employed in efforts to throw off the English yoke, avowed his determination not to miss so favourable an opportunity of annoying the enemies

enemies of his country : he also sent a solemn defiance, adding, that it was his design forthwith to invade England. This the ministry hoped to prevent, by proposing to appoint commissioners to meet on the marches, and treat about a lasting amnesty ; to which he consented, but at the same time, continued inflexible as to the threatened invasion ; and a body of troops were instantly raised under the Earl of Murray and Lord Douglas. Edward, even at so early a period, discovered those sparks of valour, which, at a riper age, burst into a flame : he repaired to Durham, where his forces joined him, and where he learned the Scots had passed the Tyne, and ravaged the eastern parts of the Bishopric ; on which he thought of intercepting them in their retreat ; and, dividing his army, commenced his march in quest of the enemy : but after suffering severe fatigue, and excessive difficulties, through woods, mountains and morasses, and discovering no traces of them, but by the smoke of several villages they had fired, he turned his course
towards

towards the Tyne, and arrived at the place where the Scots had crossed : as it was natural to suppose they would return the same way, he took possession of the northern side.

Douglas, who had intimation of his motions, posted his followers in an advantageous situation, till he should receive more certain advice of his adversaries' strength. In the mean time the King of England marched down the river, proclaiming, that whosoever discovered where the Scottish army were encamped, should have the honour of Knighthood bestowed on him, together with an hundred marks a year, as a recompense. Soon he received the wished for tidings from one, who, lured by this promise, had made excursions, and found the enemy at three miles distance, on the other side the Ware, that laves the base of a gigantic hill, whereon they were encamped.

Edward advanced against them, but the stupendous stones which lay on the bed of
the

the river, and the current, which was so rapid, from the rain which had just fallen, rendered it impracticable to pass with any prospect of success: for, besides these obstructions, the Scots were ranged in order on the declivity of the mountain. On this he sent an herald to inform them, if they were inclined to come to an engagement, he would retire, and allow them to cross the Ware; or if they would fall back to a certain distance, he would pass the river, and give them battle. The Scottish general sent him for answer, that he was not so impolitic as to follow the advice of a foe.

Thus did the armies face each other, till Douglas, finding his provender was almost expended, decamped at midnight, and, marching some miles higher up the river, took possession of an hill, flanked by a wood; and Edward was no sooner informed of his retreat, than he followed, and posted himself upon a mountain, opposite his antagonist, who, while they were thus situated, forded the river, and, entering the English camp,
by

by favour of the night, penetrated as far as the royal tent, with intention to carry off the King; but the guards suddenly surrounded the Caledonian chief, who, with infinite valour, cut his way through those who opposed him, and made his escape.

The Scots, enriched with plunder, now thought of returning to their native country, and an accident hastened their design. A Knight of their army being captured, was interrogated by Edward, to whom he declared that the troops of Douglas had orders to be ready armed at night. The English, well knowing the enterprising spirit of that Baron, imagined he again meant to attack them under covert of darkness, and resolved to give him a warm reception: they, therefore, drew themselves up in order of battle, and continued so till morning, while the enemy retired in silence, under favour of the adjoining grove; and, passing a large morass, conducted their enterprize with such precipitancy, that by dawn they had made a

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considerable progress, and the next day reached their own country, laden with booty.

Edward, on the scouts bringing him intelligence of their departure, was much mortified to be thus baffled in his first campaign, and retired to Durham, from whence he proceeded to York, at which place he dismissed great part of his followers.

On his return from this expedition, the melancholy tidings of his father's murder, first reached his ear, which he bewailed with unfeigned affliction.

The English and Scottish commissioners now opened their conference, and a treaty was concluded on terms highly advantageous to the latter, but which reflected shame on Edward, as in it he resigned all pretensions to a kingdom, which had cost his noble Grandfather so much pains to subdue. It was also farther stipulated, that the English Barons should

should be restored to the estates they had formerly held in Caledonia; notwithstanding which, several nobles were still debarred of their right. Their Sovereign, therefore, interposed with the regency of Scotland (Robert Bruce being now dead) in their behalf, from whom he received nought but evasive answers: he had, besides, another cause of complaint, for that they had seized upon the town of Upsetlington, which, although situated on the north of the river Tweed, belonged to the Bishopric of Durham. Edward, glad to avail himself of any pretence for renouncing a league so dishonourable to him, and which tarnished one of the brightest characters that ever graced the pages of our British annals! but as he had promised the Pope, on bond, not to molest Scotland for a certain space of time, he feared to take any measures, by which he might be compelled to forfeit the obligation. The Barons, however, whose interests were more immediately concerned than their Royal Master's, resolved, by force of arms, to take possession

possession of what their enemies so unjustly withheld: they therefore had recourse to Edward Baliol, (son of John Baliol) who, at his father's demise, had been left a captive at the court of England. They encouraged him to endeavour at regaining the crown of his parent, vowing, their lives and fortunes should be spent in his service. Being a Prince of an enterprizing disposition, and a vast share of ambition, he accepted their proffered aid, levied forces, embarked at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, and landed at Kinghorn, where he routed the followers of Sir Alexander Seton, and slew that leader.

From thence he proceeded towards Glandmuir, where the Earl of Marr was encamped, with a numerous army, while an advanced body was stationed to oppose the progress of the English. Confiding in their numbers, and the depth of the river which lay between the contending parties, they lay in a careless manner almost unguarded. This was imparted to Baliol, and, a ford being discovered,

he

he crossed it in the night, with the whole of his troops, and discomfited the enemy.

The Earl of Marr, who, with his forces, was at some miles distance, proposed to starve the English out: the expedient, however, was looked upon by Robert, Earl of Carrick, as the cool dictates of cowardice, and as such he proclaimed it, which so incensed the ferocious chief, that he prepared to give instant battle to his opponents; and such was the confusion with which he made his attack, that in passing a narrow defile, men and horses fell over each other, and became an easy prey to the English, who made a terrible slaughter. The two leaders were slain, with a great number of Knights, and about thirteen thousand soldiers, while Baliol's loss was trifling, who then entered Perth, which he put in a posture of defence, and where he was shortly besieged by Archibald Douglas and the Earl of Dunbar.

While these transactions took place in the north, the English fleet, which lay in Berwick harbour, gained a compleat victory over a Flemish squadron, that had been employed by the Scots to attack them; and these repeated conquests so intimidated the foes of Baliol, they thought all farther opposition vain, and he was therefore crowned at Scone.

In the mean time, David Bruce, son to the late Robert, with Jane, the sister of England's King, to whom he had been affianced, were sent to France, and graciously received there by Philip de Valois.

Soon after Edward, and the new Caledonian Monarch, had an interview, at which the latter did homage for the kingdom of Scotland; obliged himself to pay yearly two thousand pounds, and to furnish the English with a certain number of troops in time of war.

Baliol,

Baliol, in leaving Perth, was attacked by Murray, whom he defeated, and made captive. Then, thinking himself secure in the submission of his subjects and also in a truce which had been concluded, he dismissed Edward's troops, and repaired to Annah, where he proposed to hold his Parliament. The Brusian party, however, thought to avail themselves of this opportunity to seize him, and his adherents, and their scheme was executed with such secrecy, that he had scarce time to mount his horse, with which he escaped to Carlisle, while his followers fell into the hands of their enemies; and his brother, after having performed miracles of valour, resigned his life. The Scots, intoxicated with success, entered Cumberland, which they ravaged, and gave our English Edward a pretence to declare openly for Baliol. He therefore complained of these hostilities, and sent ambassadors to exact homage from David Bruce, which being boldly refused, war was denounced against him, as a contumacious vassal: he immediately there-

fore collected his forces, and marched to Newcastle upon Tyne, which was fixed for the rendezvous, and where Leonard joined him. The appearance of the camp, together with the martial noise that issued from the same, made the heart of Leonard dance with rapture in his breast, and he languished for the moment when the trumpet's clangour should summon him to combat.

Edward now took his course to Berwick, which he laid siege to, but the place was strongly garrisoned, under two of the bravest Scottish chiefs, Patrick Dunbar, and Sir William De Keith, the governor, who made such a gallant defence, that the King of England was fain to turn the siege into a blockade by sea and land, and to penetrate farther into the country. He accordingly proceeded as far as Edinburgh, free from opposition, save that he was at times harassed by the troops of Douglas, who prudently avoided a decisive battle; and, after a tedious unavailing peregrination through the enemies land, from
which

which the natives had conveyed their valuable effects, he returned to Berwick, and carried on his operations there with redoubled vigour; nor could he be diverted from his purpose, although Douglas had entered England, and invested the castle of Banborough, which contained the person of the Queen.

Edward knew the place to be well fortified, and, being as great a politician as he was a warrior, looked upon this as an artifice, to draw him from the enterprize, and he now resolved to reduce the town at all events. The Scots, however, protected themselves with astonishing valour, until their works being nearly destroyed, they demanded a five day's truce, on condition, that if they received no succours during that period, the town should be surrendered.

Sir William De Keith, by some manœuvre, then reached the camp of Douglas, whom he persuaded to hasten to the relief of Berwick. With a numerous force they arrived at Both-

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ville,

ville, near Halidowns Hill, and drew up their army in four battalions. The English were situated on an eminence, in four divisions also, flanked with archers. Here did Edward wait the enemy's charge, who ascended the hill at the hour of vespers. Their career, however, was soon stopped by the resistance they met with, and their heavy armour, which deprived them of breath; they were also much galled by the arrows, which the English bow-men let fly in showers at them, and the huge stones that were hurled down upon them, did dreadful execution. During the battle, Leonard encountered Douglas, and after a well contested combat, stretched himself lifeless on the field of battle. De Courci had observed all this, and as the eagle, with joy, beholds it's young one's wings first expanded to the sun, so did the Baron glow with transport, on finding his bounteous goodness had not been lavished on one undeserving it. He approached, and congratulated the youth on his maiden effort in arms. The peasant, however, tarried not to hear his

his eulogium, but, rushing into the midst of the enemy, dealt destruction round him; and the death of their general being by this time known, the Scots fell into disorder and dismay, on which Edward ordered Lord Darcy, with a body of light armed foot, to attack them in the flank, while he himself, at the head of a choice brigade of men at arms, and archers, fell in among them. All resistance was now at an end, and a dreadful slaughter ensued. This important victory cost the English only one Knight, one Esquire, and thirteen foot soldiers, and the castle of Berwick surrendered on the next morning. Edward, who had observed the party under De Courci's command, to be particularly active, considered himself indebted to that noble for his triumph, and, therefore, summoned him to his presence: for that great Monarch, after the business of the war, was as anxious to reward those who merited it, as he was vigorous during the battle.

 CHAP. III.

Oh witness Heaven !

Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth explores,

That if not to perform my regal task ;

To be the common father of my people,

Patron of honour, virtue, and religion ;

If not to shelter useful worth, to guard

His well earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,

And deal out justice with impartial hand ;

If not to spread on all good men my bounty,

The treasures trusted to me, not my own ;

If not to raise anew the English name,

By peaceful arts that grace the land they bless,

And generous war, to humble proud oppressors :

Yet more, if not to build the public weal

On that firm base, which can alone resist

Both time and chance, fair liberty and law ;

If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—

May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

MALLEY:

DE Courci, and his followers, entered
Berwick, amidst the acclamations of
their fellow soldiers, which accompanied them
even

even to the castle, where the royal Edward courteously received them, and expressed aloud his obligation for the service the Baron had rendered him.

“Not to me, dread Liege,” replied that noble, “you owe the victory, but to my followers; particularly to the single arm of a bold stripling, who seemed desirous to leave his body in the field, for wherever danger appeared thickest, I saw him carving his way to glory, while the enemies darts flew numerous round his head, and his shield shewed like a pigmy forest.”

“Who is it,” said the King, “that is thus worthy of your praise?”

“A low-born youth,” returned De Courci, “who merited a higher birth.”

“His birth,” quoth the Monarch, “would be to us at least his recommendation: it is the duty of a Sovereign to reward the deserving

deserving; and though I confess honours are too frequently purchased by gold, yet sure a Prince cannot feel so much satisfaction, - as when he barterers them for the affection of a loyal subject. But produce your hero."

The Baron took Leonard by the hand, and presented him to Edward, who thus addressed him.

"Welcome to my presence; smile at the frowns of fortune, and be it my care to make atonement for her envy. Thus I create you Knight."

The young peasant retreated a few steps, saying, "Your Majesty's goodness is too great; to the partiality of my Lord De Courci I am indebted for it. Believe me, Sire, I only did my duty; what thousands did that now lie breathless on the plain. If it is your will to reward the valiant, the son of that great man deserves your utmost bounty: be the honours you intended for your
lowly

lowly slave, transferred to him, while I return to that obscurity, from which the Baron's fostering hand has raised me."

"Thou art as generous as brave," replied the King, "My Lord De Courci, let me see your son." Edgar stepped forth, and Edward thus continued. "You have witnessed the conduct of this excellent young man, who has refused the gift which he asserts is your's. The example of generosity is set me by one of my subjects, and I joyfully profit by it; kneel therefore both, and take the reward of your valour," then laying his sword upon their shoulders, "Arise, my Knights of the battle," he continued, "moreover to support your dignities, one thousand marks are annually yours: nor think my gratitude here shall make a pause—no, my actions shall tell how much I still consider myself your debtor."

They accepted the liberality of their Sovereign with diffidence, and returned their

illustrious Monarch the thanks that were his due.

Edward, having thus annexed Berwick to the crown of England, punctually adhered to the articles of capitulation; he permitted the Scots to remove their effects, and suffered those, who were disposed to take the oath of allegiance, to remain: then, having left six thousand men with Baliol, he returned to the metropolis, and De Courci, with his son, and Leonard, having tarried at court some days, set out for the castle of the former, which was situated in the west of England. On the second evening they descried the stately mansion; it was strongly fortified, and surrounded by a deep moat. The bugle-horn being sounded, the draw-bridge was instantly let down, and they entered the court-yard, where they dismounted, and from thence the Baron led them to the apartment of his lady. She received De Courci, not with the accustomed ardency of conjugal affection, but with an assumed tenderness. Edgar she scarcely noticed,

noticed, but to Leonard she was profuse in her compliments, and he returned her courtesy with a dignified complacency, which he possessed in an eminent degree. Indeed, she had ever evinced a strong antipathy against the offspring of her Lord, (for Edgar was the fruit of a former alliance,) and possessed all the implacable hatred that too often marks the character of a step-dame.

The friendship that subsisted between the son of Christopher, and young De Courci, was as sincere as that recorded of Pylades and Orestes; it was strongly cemented by mutual merit, and the foundation was a lasting one, it was built on the solid basis of honour and integrity.

Here it may not be improper to give a slight sketch of the persons and dispositions of these young warriors.

Edgar was of a tall commanding figure: his limbs were strong, but at the same time
lightly

lightly formed ; his countenance was expressive, his temper placid, his manners engaging, and his courage undaunted.

Leonard was a larger, and more muscular man, of a dark complexion, and hair, and a penetrating eye : his features, though good, were marked by a ferocity that at first sight rather impressed the mind of the beholder with fear, than any other passion, and was, indeed, an index of his disposition, which, although brave to an excess, was tinged by a head-strong fury that he could not govern. Nevertheless, this failing was but a foil to his numerous virtues ; his heart was not unused to the melting mood, nor was his ear or purse ever shut against the story of distress.

He frequently beguiled the morning hours in traversing the adjacent country, while the recollection of his loved Emma, or the perusal of the miniature, given by his father, was the constant companion of his walks. One day, while on his accustomed PEREGRINATION,

tion, he was suddenly overtaken by a violent shower of rain, which compelled him to seek shelter in a solitary tattered cottage, at some distance from the residence of De Courci. Therein he found a couple, bending beneath the weight of years, and a youth, about his own age, seated round a scanty peat fire; the latter of whom immediately rose, and resigned his seat to the Knight.

Fortunately for the cottage lad, the rain continued some hours, by which delay he had the happy opportunity of indulging the natural flow of a humorous temper: being blessed with a redundancy of words, and a rapid stream of spirits, he soon had the good chance, not only to entertain his guest, and to extort from him loud and repeated bursts of laughter, but, by the keenness of his wit, procured reward and promotion, as well as esteem and approbation; for Leonard, before he departed, presented him with some pieces of gold, on consideration he should provide himself with new apparel, and repair to the castle.

On

On his first arrival there, he had the good fortune to please the Lord De Courci, to whom he was presented: from that time he was looked upon as the 'Squire of Leonard, to whom he soon strongly attached himself, in the bonds of fidelity and affection.

With all these agreeable qualifications, Owen (so was he called) had one considerable failing; he was very timid, or to speak more plainly, was a direct coward. This defect, nevertheless, was totally disregarded by his master, who, though he despised the character of a *paltroon*, still, in the present instance, he leniently attributed the 'Squire's fears to his lack of education. In another he would have spurned at that unavoidable blemish of nature; in the line, however, that his faithful dependent stood, he overlooked it quite, and considered it as a probable cause of future merriment, for he soon received several entertaining feasts from some accidental mishaps that occasionally befel Owen. These disasters were ever sure to be attended by
alternate

alternate emotions of terror, and ludicrous fallies of wit, that had the most entertaining effect on the spirits of Leonard.

He was of Welch extraction, and like most of that country, he prided himself on the high birth of his ancestors, though to say truth, the most his progenitors could boast, was, that they had each kept their own goat, and toasted their own cheese.

CHAP. IV.

And next to him in malicious envy rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his canker'd teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poyson run about his jaw ;
But inwardly he chawed his maw
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was when any good he saw,
But when he heard of harme, he vexed wond'rous glad.

SPENSER.

TWO months elapsed at the castle, without any incident worthy to be recorded; at the expiration of which time, the anniversary of Lady De Courci's birth taking place, a solemn tournament was held. Amongst other nobles who came to break a lance,
Lord

Lord Edmund Fitzallan arrived the day previous to the ceremony. He was a man in whom every vice was centered; deceitful, cruel, and designing; and nature having given him a fair outside, he more easily concealed the blackness of his soul. Like the gilded snake, he was admired for his exterior perfections; and like that destructive reptile, bore venom and annoyance wheresoever he went. This wretch, whose heart was the abode of envy, could not observe the attention with which the Baron's family treated Leonard, without feeling the influence of that baneful passion. In the evening, as he walked with Edgar and his friend, the conversation turning on the intended tournament, Fitzallan told the latter, he had better postpone his efforts in the lists, to some future period; as to a young man possessed of such a vast share of ambition, an overthrow would be insupportable: "but possibly," he continued, "you build your fame on the renown of your illustrious line of ancestors!"

The face of Leonard glowed with indignation; "I would rather," he said, "acquire credit for chastizing ignorant importance."

Edmund, who amidst all his vices, did not want courage, replied, "Restrain your choler, good youth, or you shall quickly learn in me resides the power to quell your boyish insolence."

The temper of Leonard could brook no more, he instantly unsheathed his weapon; his adversary did the same; their arms were upraised, and they were upon the point of discharging their fury on each other's crest, when Edgar, who had been a silent spectator of all that passed, exclaimed, addressing himself to Fitzallan, "Forbear, my Lord, your behaviour is neither manly or courteous, but more resembles that of a rude bravo: to insult the bosom friend of your host, and then expiate your offence, by making his mansion a scene of blood, ill suits the character of a British Knight."

Leonard,

Leonard, conscious it would be infringing the respect he owed Lord De Courci, there to resent the conduct of Edmund, told him, "The place was by him, now he had time for reflection, held too sacred to be made the mansion of riot and confusion; but that 'ere long he should repent each syllable of his ill-timed satire."

Fitzallan replied, "He revered the Earl as much as any man; as a proof, he should defer the dispute to a more convenient opportunity." So saying, with folded arms, and a scowling brow, he slowly paced towards the castle.

Leonard, on being left with Edgar, exclaimed, "Think not, my friend, because I will not violate the duty I owe your noble father, that I shall tamely bear this insolence. No, by heaven, and by my hopes of happiness, I swear he shall severely feel the force of my revenge!"

Young De Courci fought, but in vain, to mitigate the wrath of his impetuous companion, who entered the hall, panting with rage. His eyes, and those of Fitzallan, immediately encountered each other: their looks were expressive of a soul replete with indignation; nor were the luxuries of the banquet, or the soul-subduing lyre of the minstrel, sufficient to repress their rising choler. The sparkling goblet mantled on the festive board; the martial verse, and that of love, were alternately rehearsed, and thus was the night spent, till the hour of rest warning them to retire, they bade adieu, and parted.

The rumour of Leonard's and Fitzallan's *altercation* had spread through the castle, and at length reached the ears of Owen. This honest fellow was just raised to the zenith of high good humour, when the tidings came to his knowledge: the goblet, half raised to his lips, sunk imperceptibly on his knee; and, notwithstanding his having entertained the domestics with the great exploits he had

heard

heard of his master, and with what he himself intended to do, he concluded with the most dismal and melancholy exclamation. Just at this doleful period, the 'Squire of Edmund entered the kitchen, with eyes inflamed like the blazing comet, and a fullen rage in his looks, that resembled the fury of the winter's storm.

Stephen, so he was called, sat himself by Leonard's follower, on a bench which adjoined the fire side, while his mouth seemed parched with ire. But what was the effect of anger, Owen attributed to thirst; he good naturedly therefore tendered him the cup, which the other accepted, and dashed it violently against the floor; then, casting a look of disdain, in a voice like thunder he exclaimed, "Thus would I destroy the menial slaves of Leonard the Peasant!"

"Thou dar'st as well take a bear by the tooth, (cried Owen, retreating gently to the farther end of the bench) "No, if my mas-

ter were here, he would chastise thee most severely for this unprovoked irreverence: *By the valour of my ancestors!* he would indeed carbanado well thy leathern jerkin!"

"Thou liest knave!" returned Stephen, starting from his seat, and drawing his weapon, "to thy face I tell thee that thou liest, most scurvy carrion!"

"Carrion in thy teeth," retorted Owen, "nay, scores of carrion, in thy grumbling paunch, thou cross-grained mungrel!"

Having said thus, he retired some steps backward, and perceiving his adversary preparing to attack him sword in hand, and reluctant moreover to shed human blood, by unsheathing his own, for he wore one *to toast cheese* with; he snatched up a large log of wood that stood in the chimney corner, and, without yielding to any farther ceremony, hurled the beachen instrument at the threatening Stephen's head, which took so true and fatal

fatal a direction, that both the log and Fitz-allan's menial champion came together to the ground.

The domestics, who had retired to one corner of the kitchen, when they perceived the furious brandishing of the sword, now flew to the assistance of the prostrate bravo, who was utterly incapable of motion. Owen followed their example, and, though excessively alarmed, was unable to restrain his humour on the occasion; looking at his fallen enemy, and recollecting the scurrilous language he had just received, he shook his head, and exclaimed, "In sad truth there lie two logs, but alas! with only one head between them."

At that moment he heard footsteps hastening down stairs, on which he precipitately took himself from the scene of action, unwilling any longer to be a spectator of the misfortune his involuntary courage had occasioned.

The confusion that prevailed below, had created a commotion above, and the person who so hastily descended, was no other than the young Lord De Courci, who had risen from his couch, and came to inquire the cause of the disturbance. On being informed of the quarrel that had taken place, and being likewise assured Stephen was in fault, he gave orders that the battered 'Squire should be conveyed to bed, and proper care taken of him; after which he returned to his chamber, and the servants of the castle retired to rest.

CHAP. V.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter 'ere long, back on itself recoils :
Let it, I reek not so it light well aim'd.

MILTON.

THE ensuing morn was ushered in by the clash of the cymbol, the voice of the shrill trumpet, and the hollow sound of the kettle drum. Edgar and Leonard, whose impatience for the approaching day had scarce permitted to close their eyes, arose at early dawn.

At noon the lifts were opened: the Earl and Countess ascended a throne, raised on steps of alabaster, and covered with a canopy of blue sattin, powder'd with silver stars.

Edgar first appeared mounted on a charger, whose whiteness might have vied with the fleecy lamb, or the snow upon the lofty Alps. His armour was of burnished gold; the joints richly inlaid, and his helmet shaded by a profusion of white feathers: his device was a rising sun, the motto *Surgam*. His gauntlet being thrown down, was instantly removed by the 'Squire of the young Lord Nevil, and the champions having received their lances, took their distance: at the onset, however, Edgar unhorsed his opponent, who being violently bruised, was removed without the barrier.

Next came the Lord Fitzallan, long famed for deeds in war, bestriding a rhone courser, who, as though he had caught the infectious malice of his master, champ'd the
steel

steel bit, and, with his neighing, seemed to mock the rattling drum. Edmund's arms were sable, with plumes of the same doleful hue; upon his target appeared the figure of dire Atè, and under written *Revenge!* His warder being deposited by Stephen, with a self-sufficient air he paraded the ring, as though conscious no one was so hardy as to encounter him. But he was suffered only a short time to exult in that idea; his trumpet was answered, and his gage exchanged by Owen; when Leonard entered the ring, upon a steed whose skin was dark and bright as the plumage of the raven: he wore armour of polished steel; on his shield he bore a lion rampant, with this motto, "*Amor Gloriæ,*" and the crimson horse hair shone refulgent on his glittering casque, which concealed his still brighter eye.

With a savage and disdainful look, Edmund surveyed his youthful antagonist; who, conscious of having received an unmerited insult, was no less impassioned.

The trumpets sounded the charge, and their first encounter was so rude, they were both near losing their seats. Their second meeting was equally furious; their lances shivered in their hands, on which they dismounted, and drew their falchions, whose tempered blades, from the dexterity with which they were wielded, cast a dread gleam on the spectator's eyes. Long they fought with a courage almost supernatural, till a well aimed blow from the sword of Leonard, cleft Fitzallan's orb'd shield in twain; but scorning to take an advantage, he instantly disengaged himself from his own. The combat was then continued with greater vigour, if possible, than before: the sweat, the dust and gore, flowed down their aching limbs. Leonard, at length, wearied with the combat, sunk on his knee; on which his adversary rushed furiously at him, but the youth nimbly recovered his legs, and avoided the blow; while Edmund missing his intended object, fell prostrate on the earth.

The

The shouts of the populace rent the air : but the generous victor, nothing elated by the acclamations bestowed upon him, assisted his enemy to rise, and considering him no longer so, assured him, the dispute which had taken place between them on the preceding evening, was on his part totally forgotten.

Edmund received his courtesy with a coolness, which even his dissimulation could not conceal, and retired thoroughly chagrined, and within himself vowing vengeance, for having been thus vanquished by a stripling.

So true is it that the offender, far from burying past quarrels in oblivion, generally keeps a jealous eye upon the noble object he has insulted.

“ Forgiveness to the injured does belong,

“ They seldom pardon that have done the wrong.”

The Lord De Courci, his Lady, and every one present, congratulated Leonard on his

D 6

conquest;

conquest; while he, so far from being vain of the compliments he received, seemed abashed at those commendations that were justly his due.

His wounds growing cold, became so painful, they compelled him to retire to his couch, which he kept for several days; and during that time his host's family endeavoured to render his confinement as little irksome as possible, by being frequently in his company. Gertrude, the consort of De Courci, was particularly attentive, more, indeed, than became her situation; she was oft in his apartment, and her eyes told him the inward workings of her heart; she would sit and gaze upon his countenance, while sigh would echo sigh!

The faithful Owen, who had been an anxious spectator of the combat, and had thrown himself on his knees, to return thanks to heaven for Leonard's victory, the instant it was over, scarce ever quitted the chamber

chamber during his illness, and sought, by his wit and humour, to cheer the drooping spirits of his master.

In the course of conversation 'twixt the Knight and his 'Squire, the quarrel of the latter with Stephen was brought forward on the carpet. Leonard had received an indistinct relation of the tale, and therefore embraced the present leisure opportunity of making himself acquainted with the real circumstances of it. Owen related the greater part of the story truly and honestly: the principal event, however, which had occurred, respecting the discharge of the log at his antagonist's head, was totally obliterated; for, as the story stood on the record of his own fancy, himself gave the first challenge; drew the first sword; made the first attack; forced the first blood; and, first and lastly, felled poor Stephen insensate to bite his mother earth.

Leonard's

Leonard's youth, and a good constitution, soon restored him; on which, his first inquiry was after Edmund, who, they informed him, was conveyed from the castle in a litter, immediately after the tournament.

His health being re-established, he frequently took the exercise of riding, in order to recruit his strength: returning one evening, later than usual, he was beset by four ruffians, who, without receiving, or assigning any cause, attacked him. He did every thing possible for a man in his situation, and defended himself with the bravery of an hero; but was so weakened by his late illness, he must inevitably have fallen a sacrifice, had not the noble Edgar, like his guardian angel, arrived at the very moment one of the villains, with a battle-axe, had felled him from his horse.

Young De Courci, who finding his friend did not return at the accustomed time, was come in quest of him, without reflecting on the
the

the odds he had to encounter, attacked the bravadoes, and quickly laid two dead at his horse's hoofs; and in the mean while, Leonard recovering, the others took to flight.

The young Knight could scarce express his gratitude, "Accept," said he, "my warmest, my sincerest thanks: but for your timely aid, I had, 'ere this, been numbered with the dead. It seems, my destiny is to increase the obligations I owe your noble family, and which my humble state forbids me the hope of ever repaying. Believe me, I cannot play the orator, but when the sense of your generosity is effaced from my memory, then must the vital springs of life cease to animate my clay."

They returned to the castle, conversing on the subject of this strange adventure: neither could conceive why men, thus unprovoked, should attack a fellow-creature: plunder was not their drift, but blood.

De Courci and his lady were rejoiced at Leonard's arrival; but when he made them acquainted with the miraculous escape he had experienced, through the valour of their noble son, their happiness was redoubled: even Gertrude relaxed her usual severity of features towards Edgar, and applauded his conduct, while the unfeigned tear of joy trickled down the cheek of Owen, on hearing how providentially his master had escaped the swords of the assassins.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "I would I had been with you."

"You," replied Leonard, "Why will you fight?"

"I cannot tell," said the 'Squire, "I never tried; but had I seen you in danger, I would have laid about me with the best of them. By the valour of my ancestors! I should have been as bold as *Beauchamp*!"

"Thou

"Thou art a good fellow," returned the Knight, "take this piece of money."

"No, my Lord," exclaimed Owen, "believe me, I would rather possess your good opinion than your gold."

Then bowing, he retired to the kitchen, where he protested, there was not such a Knight living as the one he served, nor such a 'Squire as himself.

About this time letters arrived from Edward, summoning De Courci and his vassals, to join him immediately. The Baron thought he had done his part in the service of his country, and resolved to spend the autumn of his years in calm retirement: he resigned therefore the command of his troops to his son and Leonard.

The latter, having been some time absent from his native fields, became anxious once more to see his parents: nor was Emma the least

least powerful magnet that attracted his thoughts to Northumberland. He informed his noble host, that he must, though reluctantly, take his leave of him, as duty and affection required his attendance on the authors of his being, 'ere he left England. The Baron, forry to be deprived of so agreeable a guest, yet esteemed him more than ever for his filial piety.

CHAP. VI.

———Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition—

It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

THE morn arriving, on which they were to quit the friendly walls of Lord De Courci's mansion, they were about to depart, when intelligence was brought, that Owen was no where to be found. Every avenue of the gothic fabric was searched, but

to

to no purpose. At length, in the height of his vexation, Leonard determined to tarry no longer, but to set forward without him, when the 'Squire appeared, pacing towards the castle, with a slow and dismal step. On his near approach, his master observed his eyes were suffused with tears, and inquiring into the cause, was informed he had been to take leave of his aged parents, who, he said, were much distressed. "I am going," he continued, "where many a better fellow than myself has been made shorter by the head, and, as I am not at present above the middle size, I cannot conceive my figure would be improved by the loss."

Here Leonard interrupted him, and putting a purse of gold into his hand, said, "Go, give this to your venerable parents; tell them to be of comfort, and do you rouse all that is man within you. Remember, the same Omnipotent Being, who rescued me from the merciless swords of the assassins, will bear a shield before you in the day of battle!"

"I hope,"

“ I hope,” replied his follower, “ it will be a seven-fold one ! though, to say truth, I do not think I shall have much occasion for it, as I have already procured the largest I could find in the armoury.”

“ Peace,” cried his master, “ away, and hasten your return.”

The grateful fellow ran swiftly to the cottage of his youth, and was soon back again. They then took leave of the Lord De Courci, who, with the Baroness, crossed the draw-bridge, and followed them with his eyes, till distance obscured them from their sight : they then re-entered the castle, lamenting their loss.

It is now proper to advert to Emma, who, during the absence of her lover, had pined in melancholy. The rose, that once bloomed upon her cheek, gave way to the pallid hue of the lily ; her herds were neglected : no strain of harmony could she draw from her late

late favourite lute ; she forsook the vale for the melancholy shade of the encircling grove, in which she chiefly passed her time. There she was sitting, attentive to the moan of the turtle dove, and commenting upon their constancy, when the blast of a distant trumpet saluted her ear. She arose, and ran to the margin of the wood ; from the opposite side she saw a large troop of horsemen enter the dale, and proceed to the castle. She then retraced her steps into the leafy labyrinth, her thoughts wholly occupied with the idea of her loved Leonard. She doubted his constancy : she had received no letter from him since his departure : the sight of the warriors revived her anxiety, and she abandoned herself to all the agony of grief.

In the interim the troops, who were those of De Courci, entered the castle, and the son of that Baron delivered his letters from Fitzallan to the steward. Leonard embraced the first opportunity of visiting his father and mother, in which he was accompanied by

3 Edgar.

Edgar. Their joy at meeting being somewhat allayed, their son presented his friend.

“ Behold,” he said, “ the man to whose family I stand indebted for all I now enjoy. Oh ! teach me, my beloved parents, how to repay the obligation !”

“ I thank heaven,” exclaimed Christopher, “ that has raised you up such powerful friends : nor am I less grateful, that it has endowed you with a mind to retain the sense of what you owe them ! Continue your glorious course.”

“ Ah !” cried Barbara, “ your head runs upon nothing but battles. Do not return to the wars, Leonard, you are rich enough now, and may live at ease !”

“ Silence,” replied Christopher, with a frown, “ a pretty lesson you would inculcate. What ! when his King has rewarded him with riches, and honours, would you have him

him desert the cause by which he gained them? By heaven! I would sooner see him dead at my feet, than guilty of such meanness!"

"Fear not my conduct," said the youth, "I trust the precepts you instilled into my breast, will never be eradicated."

"I fear it not," returned his father, "but this good woman vexes me: she had better stick to her distaff than meddle with these affairs."

Leonard then inquired after Emma, and how it was she did not answer his letters; at which the old people betrayed evident marks of confusion. Again he interrogated them, but received no answer. Shook by suspense, he left the cottage, and flew to that of his loved mistress, where he was informed by her mother she was not within. "Since your departure," continued she, "I know not what has ailed the girl: she passes most of her

time in the wood, nor scarce ever returns till
sun-set."

Leonard tarried to hear no more, but
rushed in quest of her, and had not penetrated
far into the grove, 'ere his progress was
stopped by the well-known voice of Emma,
who was singing the following :

The swelling sails now catch the breeze ;
The pilot at the helm does stand ;
The bark impetuous ploughs the seas,
And sailors wishful eye the land.

So by the breath of four mischance,
My bosom's driven by the gale ;
While sigh on sigh resembles zephyr,
And my shatter'd spirits fail.

The faint moon my hopes resemble,
When thro' clouds she's seen in part ;
Her beams that on the waters tremble,
Picture well my flutt'ring heart.

O may kindly winds besfriend me ;
Waft Leonard to his native shore :
Adversity then will not bend me,
For then can grief return no more.

He listened with attention, and caught each syllable; then gently crept through the impervious shade, and beheld the maiden seated on an eminence, with her eyes fixed on the billows that flowed beneath. Like a mournful willow, she bent her body over the waves, and sighed, while the soft breezes bore them up to heaven, and recording angels registered them in the leaves of maiden constancy. So wholly was she absorbed in reverie, she did not perceive her lover's approach, till his embrace caused her to start: but on discovering who it was, her fear was converted into joy.

“ My dear loved Emma!” exclaimed Leonard, “ forgive my intruding thus upon your solitude; but my wish to see you could not be restrained. How have I languished for this joyful meeting! Amidst the clangour of the war, you were the constant inmate of my heart, and led me on to glory.”

“ No

"No doubt," said the maid, "I must have engrossed your thoughts in the hour of danger, when even in peace you could not find a leisure minute to send me one consolatory line."

"What means my life?" replied he, "Each billet that I sent my parents was accompanied by one for you. Is it possible you did not receive them?"

"Never!" returned Emma, "and I began to fear the splendid dames who attend the court, had lured your heart from me."

"Impossible!" cried Leonard, "true as the needle to its northern pole, will ever be my love. Still I cannot but blame my parents for not delivering my letters to you. Had they ever known the pangs of absent lovers, they would have acted otherwise."

His cheeks, at these words, were flushed with rage.

“ Think no more of it,” quoth Emma, “ convinced of your tendernefs, all former sorrows are loft in the pleafure of this bleffed interview.”

They then renewed their vows of conftancy, and that, nor time nor chance fhould ever have power to fhake it: that, indeed, was impoffible, their hearts were too firmly united by the chains of affection, forged on the anvil of fared virtue !

He conducted Emma home, and then repaired to the caftle, where a magnificent banquet was provided. Mirth prefided at the focial board, and every unpleafing thought was buried in oblivion, or drowned in the mantling bowl. They then feparated, and Leonard was conducted to an apartment that bore the marks of ancient grandeur, but which appeared much out of repair. The furniture was quite decayed; the tapeftry dropping from off its hangings, and the rich green velvet curtains that adorned the bed, were all in
fhreads,

threads, while the deep gold fringe was turned to a copper colour.

The Knight could not refrain from moralizing on the scene. "Such," said he to himself, "such is the state of man: when in prosperity, the world pays homage to him, but if distress or age e'er dims his lustre, like swallows at the approach of winter, they take their leave: so is it by this chamber; no doubt but it was once the cause of admiration, though now neglected."

He seated himself before the fire, and drew out the miniature which Christopher had given him on his first quitting his native cottage. Intelligence sparkled in the countenance of the portrait, though dimmed by a pensive melancholy, which the artist seemed to have designed, to give the features greater interest;—nor did he think of retiring, till the castle clock announced the hour of one in deep strains, which rolled through the various avenues of the edifice, and filled the

mind of Leonard with a thrilling melancholy. He arose from his seat, with a determination to adjourn to his couch, when he perceived a part of the tapestry shake in a violent manner: he approached, and lifting up the hanging, to his surprise, discovered a small door, which he endeavoured to open, but was much mortified on finding it was fast locked. For a long time he vainly strove to force it: at length he succeeded, but was almost petrified, when he discovered, in a small apartment, a doublet all besmeared with blood, and a sword dyed in the same purple stream. "Gracious powers," he involuntarily exclaimed, "What can this mean?" While he, fascinated, gazed upon the bloody spectacle before him, a rustling in the apartment he had just quitted, aroused him from the stupefaction wherein horror had plunged him, and turning his head, he beheld a figure, completely armed, on which he rushed into the room, but could discover no one.

He

He examined minutely the hangings, but could find no clue to guide him : he tried the outer door, which was fast, as he had left it.

Horror-struck, he knew not which way to turn his eyes, or how to act, till reposing his trust in the Omnipotent Being, and offering up his prayers to heaven, the passive stream of reason flowed over his ruffled mind, and calmed his stormy spirits. He cheered his fire, and placing his falchion by him on the table, passed the remainder of the night undisturbed.

CHAP. VII.

Of battles bravely, hardly fought : of victories
For which the conqueror mourn'd, so many fell :

Now all the youth of England are in arms,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
Now strive the armourers and honours thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER a sleepless night, Leonard arose, and, opening the window, was surprised to find himself, from the situation, in that very apartment, asserted to be the haunt of some disembodied spirit. Although his understanding

understanding was too enlightened to give credit unto so idle a tale, yet, the occurrences he had met with, somewhat shook his incredulity, and he immediately repaired to the cottage of his father, where he imparted all that had happened.

Christopher shook his head: Barbara sighed, and seemed about to answer, but was checked by a frown from her husband, who then addressed his son.

“Leonard,” he said, “if you value your own safety, or our peace, reveal to no one what you saw last night; keep the secret to yourself: heaven will, in its own good time, discover all.”

The manner in which these words were uttered, though they convinced the youth there was some mystery attending the castle, with which his parents were not wholly unacquainted, prevented his putting any farther

interrogatory ; nor, during his stay in the valley, did he ever renew the subject.

The period fixed for the Knight's departure, at length arrived, and he once more abandoned this peaceful spot, to encounter the dangers of the war, of which the following was the cause.

Edward had received intimation, that the gallic monarch had equiped a vast armament by sea and land, and had invested David Bruce, the Scottish King, with the command of his navy, who scoured the English channel, while a strong army threatened to invade Guienne.

The Sovereign of England, though he wished to avoid an open rupture with France, sent for a fleet from Bayonne, to oppose his enemies : and though he could not put a stop to the preparations that were making in Denmark, Norway, and Holland, yet his interest prevailed in Genoa and Provence, who

who refused Philip de Valois the aid he had craved for the feigned purpose of a crusade. He, at the same time, granted a commission to Geoffrey de Say, to raise a squadron, and assert his dominion on the sea, whose sceptre had ever been in the possession of his ancestors, and the influence of which he determined should not diminish under his sway.

He had made attempts to compromise his difference with the French King; but now, seeing through the affected delays of his opponent, he would be no longer trifled with, and instantly prepared for war: to effect which, he deemed it politic to strengthen himself by foreign alliances, and therefore empowered his allies on the continent, to enter into league with such Princes as they thought might prove beneficial to the cause; and, being thus unwillingly involved in a war, resolved not only to strive for the recovery of his lands in Guienne, but, for the whole kingdom of France, to which he considered

sidered himself rightful heir, as nearest in consanguinity to the late King.

These sentiments were encouraged by Robert D'Artois, at that time a refugee in England: he had married a sister of Philip's, and, presuming on the alliance, revived a law-suit for the recovery of Artois, which had formerly been adjudged in favour of his aunt Maud; and, in order to support his claim, produced several deeds, forged for the occasion: but, the counterfeit being detected, the author, (a lady of Bethune) in consequence of her own confession, was condemned to the stake, and Robert dismissed from the court.

Being afterwards summoned by his Peers, to answer for this subornation, he refused to appear; on which account his estates were confiscated, himself banished, and he retired to England, where he was entertained by Edward, with the same munificence that David Bruce experienced in France. Being
possessed

possessed of an uncommon share of courage and capacity, he soon made himself conspicuous in council, while his inveterate hatred to Philip ever prompted him to declare for war.

The King, however, who was not actuated by the same motives, agreed to leave his dispute, relative to Guienne, unto the decision of the Pope, who exhorted the Gallic Monarch to do him justice, that, peace being restored, he might bear the blessed cross against the infidels. This remonstrance, nevertheless, was productive of nought but evasive answers; on which the Pontiff pressed him either to commence the voyage, or refund the money which had been raised by the Clergy towards the charges of the expedition; and Philip, who could no longer amuse his Holiness with vague promises, declared he never would be on terms of amity with Edward, until David Bruce was restored to the throne of Scotland, and D'Artois driven from the English court.

To

To the first, the King of England declared, he would sooner extirpate the whole race of Caledonians, than assent to so unreasonable a demand : to the latter, he replied, his honour had been given to protect Robert, and, however lightly his brother Philip might consider that pledge, he held it sacred ; nor would he derogate from his own dignity so far, as to drive an exile from the asylum he had once promised him.

Every thing now foretold an approaching war : the French commenced hostilities, by seizing the castles of the province of Guienne, and Edward called a parliament, wherein he disclosed his cause of quarrel ; the vain steps he had taken towards an accommodation, and the progress he had made in his foreign alliances. The Senate, as well as the nation in general, applauded the conduct of their Prince, and burnt with generous ardour to engage his foes, who had thus, unprovoked, waged war against him.

The

The Bishop of Lincoln, with the Earls of Salisbury and Huntingdon, were appointed Commissioners to finish the treaties with the several potentates; and arriving at the court of Hainault, with a large retinue of Barons and Knights, they entered into league with that Count, the Duke of Brabant, the Marquis of Juliers, and various other Princes. They endeavoured to attach Lewis, the Count of Flanders, to their interest, by proposing a marriage between his son, and the King's daughter; but so intimately was he connected with Philip, that the temptation failed. This, however, did not prevent their tampering with the Flemings, who were particularly inimical to the French, and had every reason to favour Edward, on account of the considerable advantages they derived from their commerce with England. Some of the large towns were, in a manner, independant of the Count, and were, in reality, governed by a wealthy brewer, named Jacob Van Ardevelt. This man was of a most enterprising disposition, and, though a
5 plebeian,

plebeian, possessed such immense riches, that he maintained a guard of eighty soldiers about his person, and kept spies all over the country: he was more absolute than the Count himself; employed emissaries to dispatch some noblemen, and banished others who had the temerity to oppose his injustice. In short, he was one of those subjects a Prince ought to ruin, or keep fair with; and this man did the Bishop of Lincoln undertake to win to the English cause; as also the cities of Bruges and Ypres; in all which he succeeded.

On the other side, Count Lewis espoused the interest of Philip, with such a degree of enthusiasm, that, without form of trial, he put a nobleman of Courtnay to death, merely because he was suspected to be a favourer of Edward: he also sent Guy de Rockenbourg, with a power to take possession of the Isle of Dadfant; and as, by these means, he was enabled to cut off all communication by sea to Ghent or Bruges, the English Sovereign dispatched

dispatched the Earls of Suffolk and Derby, at the head of four thousand men, to dislodge them. The place, however, was obstinately defended; in spite of which, the English, bearing down all opposition, made good their footing on the beach, when a fierce engagement ensued, in which the enemy were routed, three thousand slain upon the spot, and their leader captured, whose ransom fell to Sir Walter Manny, a Knight of great prowess, and who had, during the combat, saved the life of Lord Derby.

Ardevelt, who warmly supported the cause of Edward, instantly entreated him to come over, and head the allies in person, which, however, he thought prudent to decline for the present, as the Count of Hainault was dead: and, though his son declared for England, yet the cause found so heavy a loss in the father, that it seemed as a limb lopped from the body of their enterprize. He therefore appointed John, Duke of Brabant, his Lieutenant in France; and, moreover, authorized

thorized him to take possession of that kingdom. But, as war was not yet declared, the Pontiff of Rome strained every nerve to avert those woes and calamities, which he saw must inevitably attend a contest between Princes so powerful; and prevailed on Edward to name commissioners to negotiate a peace with the nations of France and Scotland. Two Cardinals were sent over to interpose their good offices, and a suspension of arms was agreed on till the subsequent year.

Mean-while, Edward convened his Parliament, who granted him an enormous subsidy, which, notwithstanding, was inadequate to the expences of his armament and treaties of alliance; for the German Princes were ever as insatiate, and exorbitant in their demands, as they were backward in making good their agreements. The King, at this period, having prevailed on several potentates of Gascony to renounce all fealty to Philip; and, having borrowed money of the
different

different abbeys, embarked forthwith at Orwell, (where he was joined by Leonard and Edgar) with a numerous fleet and army, and landed at Antwerp, the capital of his ally, John of Brabant.

On the day following, he held a conference with Ardevelt, who advised him to assume the title of King of France, which would serve as an excuse to the Flemings for taking up arms against their Lord.

Edward, who had long wavered on this subject, was easily persuaded to adopt a measure he was before half inclined to follow. He had dispatched ambassadors to treat for a peace with Philip, whom he then stiled Sovereign of Gallia; but he now prohibited their doing ought that might be prejudicial to his own claim, or termed an acknowledgment of his opponent's title. As for the homage he had formerly paid that Prince, at Amiens, he avowed it to be the act of a
minor,

minor, extorted from him, and concluded by proclaiming Philip an usurper.

A convention of the allies was now held, at which all were present, save the Duke of Brabant, whose absence served as a pretext for the rest not affording their aid, until he should act in concert with them.

Leonard, whose passion broke down the barrier of reason on all occasions, and whose affection for his sovereign now prompted him, bitterly upbraided them, adding, the Duke's non-attendance was but a shallow pretence for their not fulfilling their engagements, and boldly told them, such Princes as themselves, whom neither faith or honour could bind, were unfit to govern. Edgar endeavoured to restrain his ire, well knowing they could fully revenge themselves by the base means of assassination; but nought could prevent his uttering the dictates of his heart, and he continued his reproaches, until the commands of the King bridled his tongue.

Edward

Edward now found the imprudence of which he had been guilty, in confiding so implicitly on their protestations; but, as he had gone too far to retract, with honour, he used every means his invention could devise, to prevail on the Duke of Brabant to enter cordially into his views; and so effectually did his purpose answer, that John, although he had solemnly assured Philip he never would bear arms against him, yet, won by promises, he gave his word to renounce all connexion with that Prince, and to assist the allies to the utmost of his power.

Upon this they agreed to attack France forthwith, provided they could obtain permission of the Imperial crown, to which they were subject, and this they hoped easily to gain, as the King of France had encroached upon the empire, by taking the castle of Crevecœur, and putting a garrison into Cambray.

Edward,

Edward, therefore, dispatched the Marquis of Juliers to Coblentz, and shortly after repaired thither himself, where the Emperor readily granted all he asked, and, moreover, created him Vicar of the empire, an office which gave him absolute authority over his German allies. After a short sojourn at this court, he returned to Brabant, where he thought it prudent to spend the winter, that, being at hand, he might quicken the preparations, and at the same time intimidate the Bishop of Liege, whom he knew to be strongly in Philip's interest: on this account he sent for his Queen Philippa to Antwerp, where she was delivered of her third son, Lionel, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

Edward's alliance with Lewis of Bavaria, greatly offended the Pope, who had pronounced the sentence of excommunication against him, for setting up an anti-pope, and the King of England was exhorted to break all connexion with him, on peril of the same censure: he, however, paid no regard to the
idle

idle threats of a Pontiff, whom he knew ever to have been his foe, and, careless of the consequence, prepared for a vigorous war.

Having compleated his forces, he marched into the Cambresis, and reduced the castles thereof: from thence he proceeded to the Vandermois; and though the Counts of Hainault and Namur abandoned him on his first entering that country, he resolved to besiege Cambray, and actually encamped before it; but finding the place too well supplied with men, and provision, for him to entertain a hope of reducing it, either by force or famine, he abandoned the project, and marched towards Peronne, where the army of Philip lay, whom he desired to appoint a day for battle. At the time fixed, both armies drew up in array, and remained facing each other, till darkness overshadowing the earth, they retired.

“ Ha fir!” said Owen, (who accompanied his master) when they entered the tent
of

of the latter, "I would every day might end as peaceably as this has done ; and, let me tell you, there would be sound policy in so doing, for if there was no fighting, there would be twice as many foldiers as there are at present ! truly, these Frenchmen, though they are our enemies, seem very quiet people, and, was I compelled to the alternative, I would rather encounter five of these gentlemen, than one of those brawny Scotch devils I have heard so much about. *By the valour of my ancestors !* the sight of their *cut and thrusts* must be enough to make a coward tremble ; and, I am told, they make no more of chopping a poor fellow's head in two, than I should of twisting a capon's neck !"

"Well," quoth Leonard, "to-morrow the army will be again drawn out, and I sincerely wish you may have an opportunity of encountering these sons of Gallia : at the same time, let me caution you not to think too lightly of them, or you may find, to your cost, the folly of your conjecture."

Owen's

Owen's spirits were reduced by this account, and he thought the surest, and pleasantest means of recruiting them, would be a flaggon of wine: the idea was immediately adopted, and to every cup he drank *a speedy peace, and a safe return to Old England.*

CHAP. VIII.

—————Some strange commotion
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
'Then lays his finger on his temple ; strait,
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again ;
Strikes his breast hard, and then, anon he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

SHAKESPEARE.

BY early dawn, the armies were again drawn out in battle-array, and so continued till noon, when the French retreated to their quarters, which they fortified with trenches, and trunks of trees, while the English

glish marched towards Avesnes, and Edward sent a defiance to Philip, conjuring him to spare the lives of so many, and to decide their dispute by single combat, engaging to resign all pretensions to France, should he be vanquished.

The Gallic Monarch was much disposed to accept the challenge, but his Barons set forth the imprudence of risking his crown with an enemy, whom the weather would, in a short time, compel to leave the field. His answer was, "That he should not stoop so much beneath his own dignity, as to put himself on a footing with his vassal, whom he would chastize in a manner more accordant with his insolence and perfidy."

On this he retired to Paris, and Edward returned to Brussels.

Among the subjects of Philip, none distinguished themselves so eminently as the Normans, who sent deputies to their Sovereign,

reign, with an offer to invade England, provided he would put his eldest son, John, at their head, whom they proposed to place upon the throne of Albion; and moreover undertook to furnish him with four thousand men at arms, ten thousand bow-men, and three times that number of infantry. Their design however proved abortive, through the vigilance of Edward's navy, commanded by Lord Morely, who destroyed a great part of their fleet, and levelled Treport to the ground.

The King of England expended immense sums in his first campaign, in lieu of which he had gained no solid advantage, and now found himself in great difficulties for want of money: he therefore sent over to England the state of his necessities, and to demand a subsidy. The parliament met, but some disputes taking place, relative to the business, it was postponed, which much enraged Edward, as the allies were now grown clamorous, and John of Brabant would not permit him

him to visit his own country, till he had given security for his return. This Prince he presented with a great annuity, and promised the Marquis of Juliers an English Earldom. He had made several attempts to draw the Count of Flanders from Philip, but all in vain; and seeing now no prospect of a reconciliation, he quartered the arms of France with England: the inscription of the great seal was altered from *Duke of Aquitain*, to *King of France*: the former motto was erased, and that of *Dieu et mon Droit* substituted; alluding to the justness of his cause, and of his fixed resolve to support the title he had assumed.

A treaty was then concluded between Edward and the Flemings, who still remained firm to him, and, in a consultation with the allies, it being agreed to open the campaign with the siege of Tournay, he quitted the continent, and landed at Harwich.

The carnage of war being now ended, Leonard and Edgar, with that curiosity so

natural to youthful minds, resolved to visit the Pyrenean mountains, whose tops ascend to heaven; and, attended by their 'Squires, bent their course towards those famous hills. One evening, as they pursued their journey, a lady passed them at full speed on horseback, followed by a man, who watched, with anxiety, the swiftness with which the female's courser bore her. De Courci immediately clapping spurs to his steed, pursued their track: Leonard was about to imitate his example, when the dismal howl of a wolf arrested his purpose, and he halted to assail the ferocious animal, whose eye-balls strained by rage and hunger, darted a fiery gleam around. The Knight, however, nothing daunted, waited his attack, and dyed his tempered falchion in the purple stream of life; when, with a roar that echoed through the forest, the savage monster ploughed the earth with his keen teeth, and died.

Owen, whose fright had deprived him of speech, now that he saw this formidable enemy

my breathless, exhorted his master to make off with as much speed as he could, adding, he had heard wolves made their excursions in as large bodies as the French soldiers; and though they had escaped one, it was not very probable they should be able to vanquish a whole army.

Leonard paid little attention to this salutary observation, but rode forward in quest of his companion. Having followed the same route for several leagues, the darkness of the night banished the hope of overtaking him, and he alighted at the first house they reached, where he tarried till break of day, and again resumed his journey; but no track or tidings could he gain of his lost friend: he repeated his inquiry at every place through which they passed, but all to no effect; nor had he collected any intelligence of Edgar, when the gigantic summit of the Pyrenees, whitened by the pale snow of heaven, struck their sight. Drawing near, Leonard took his course along the base of one of those tower-
F 4 ing

ing mountains, and beheld a man suddenly dart from behind a grassy bank, and ascend the rugged hill with the swiftness of the antelope.

Leonard had time to gain only a partial view, by which he discovered him to be nearly without vestment: as he remained following the fugitive with his eyes, he was struck by a voice, which in an impassioned tone pronounced, "Poor soul!"

This exclamation drew his attention, and, turning round, he descried an aged shepherd, gazing also at the object who had excited his surprise, while the drop of pity moistened his beard. The Knight, imagining from his behaviour, he could give some account of him who fled, accosted him.

"You seem, my good old friend," said he, "to speak with feeling: know you the person to whom, I conceive, your words alluded?"

"Do

“ Do you mean,” returned the peasant, “ that unfortunate being who just now passed you ?”

“ I do,” quoth Leonard, “ and, from the compassion with which your speech was uttered, I imagine you are interested for him ; perhaps allied to him ?”

“ Indeed, sir,” replied the rustic, “ I am no way related to him, save that we all derive our existence from Adam : his sufferings command my pity, and I feel as much for him as though he were my brother ! Good heaven ! what had that poor creature endured ? twenty years has he passed upon these bleak mountains, without raiment to preserve his limbs from the cold, or an habitation to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather. Sorry fare for so long a period !”

“ Indeed,” cried the son of Christopher, “ so long ?”

“ Aye,” said the shepherd, “ it is so indeed ! no one knows from whence he came, for he will not hold converse with any body : at times you may hear him sing different ditties, which make the neighbours suppose he has been crossed in love ; but, in the midst of them, he will suddenly break off, start from the rock whereon he hath seated himself, turn his eyes to heaven, clasp his hands in agony, then, casting a look around, as though he were fearful some one saw him, whom he wished to avoid, dart up the hill even as you saw him now.”

Leonard found his curiosity greatly excited by this recital, and determined, if possible, to draw the recluse into discourse. He possessed a vast share of the milk of human kindness : philanthropy was an inmate of his heart ; and to relieve his fellow-creatures, was the greatest happiness he knew. The calls of nature, however, prevented his putting his scheme into immediate execution, and he inquired of the peasant whether there was any
place

place near, at which he could gain some slight refreshment?"

"Why signior," said he, "I have nothing but milk and fruit; if you can make a meal of them, you are welcome."

Leonard gladly embraced the offer, and accompanied him to a small hut, where the coarse fare was produced; and though the mind of the Knight was too much occupied to admit his regaling heartily, yet Owen, whose softer feelings ever gave way to the cries of hunger, made a more vigorous attack on the provisions, than he ever had done upon the enemy.

Their repast ended, the son of Christopher named his intention to his host, who agreed to accompany him up the mountain. Owen would fain have excused himself from being of the party; having satisfied his appetite, he now wished for a little repose, and would have preferred a few hours slumber to all the

enterprizes the whole race of Knights-errant ever undertook.

He was forced, nevertheless, to accompany Leonard, and quitted the cottage very reluctantly. As they ascended, his natural good humour returned, and the stupendous heights, that saluted his sight, called to recollection the Welch hills he had heard his father mention, who was indeed a native of that country, and he imparted these thoughts to his master.

"This place, sir," said he, "reminds me of the principality of my ancestors. Perhaps in such a spot was my great grand-father, Lewellyn, driven by his enemies."

"Lewellyn your great grand-father!" cried Leonard, supposing the poor fellow's brain was deranged.

"Yes," replied Owen, "my mother's father was natural son to that Prince; and,
strange

strange as it may appear, when persecuted by the English he swam across several rivers upon the roll of his pedigree ! But pray, sir, do not walk quite so fast ; nothing but a mule, or camel, could keep pace with you up this precipice : for my part, if I attempt it, I shall walk down again at one step, and then good-bye to our family, it will be extinct !”

They were now upon a part of the mountain, from whence, on one side, they beheld the plain they had just quitted ; while, on the opposite, the ponderous rocks hung over them, and filled them with an apprehensive awe.

Suddenly the shepherd caught the arm of Leonard, and made a stop ; at the same time pointing to a fragment, whereon was seated the object of their search. His left elbow was placed upon his knee, and on the same hand his cheek reclined ; the other, encircling a large and knotted stick, pressed his heart, and,

and, with a wildness, his looks were fixed upon the valley.

The young Knight had now leisure to contemplate his appearance accurately.

His head was silvered over with age, and a beard of the same fleecy hue, swept his broad and manly chest: the scythe of time had furrowed his countenance, as the plough leaves its traces on the face of earth: his eyes, though influenced by the same inveterate enemy to beauty, still retained a share of penetrating brightness: his form was majestic: no raiment had he on, save the covering of sheep-skin which fastened round his loins, descended half way down his legs: the upper part of him was bare, and totally unprotected against the seasons: in short, his whole appearance commanded pity and veneration.

The peasant now departed, and Leonard approached the recluse; who, observing him,
was

was about to fly, when the youth suddenly halted, bowing at the same time with reverence; at which he made a pause, and, leaning on his maffy stick, stared, with apparent wonder, at the Knight, who thus addressed him.

“ Pardon what may seem an impertinent intrusion; if such you deem it, you will wrong me much: my only motive for breaking thus upon your solitude, is the hope of affording consolation to one, whom the malicious finger of fortune seems to have selected as a butt for her keenest arrows.”

The stranger was silent: his eyes still bent on Leonard, who thus continued,

“ I see my presence gives offence: yet, ere I depart, once more I conjure you to think more kindly of me, than that an idle wish to pry into your woes would lead me hither. Had my purse or sword the power to befriend you, they should be dedicated to

your service: as it is, farewell! and may heaven administer that comfort, I fear man has not the ability to do."

As he spoke, the tears glistened in his eye, and, hiding his face beneath his hand, he was about to depart; but had measured only a few steps, 'ere the old man exclaimed, "It shall be so!" then turning to Leonard, "the accents of commiseration with which your words are uttered, and the proffer of your service, to a wretch unknown, demand alike my gratitude and wonder; and have caused me to break a vow made many years ago, that I would never henceforth hold converse with any human being. I return you my most fervent thanks; and the only proof I can give of the just sense I have of the obligation, is to entrust you with my history; though I fear the sufferings of an old man, with one foot already in the grave, will but fret the ear of a young Knight, like yourself, used, doubtless, to the gay pleasures of society.

 Leonard

Leonard assured him, that so far from the recital proving tedious, he should listen with pleasure, in the hope that his grief might find alleviation.

On this the stranger commenced his narrative.

CHAP. IX.

Oh, beware——of jealousy ;
It is a green eyed monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on.

SHAKESPEARE.

MY name is Hildebrand, England claims
my birth ; in the delightful county of
——, stands my paternal mansion, encir-
cled by fruitful woods and pastures. Blessed
in a virtuous loving consort, and a duteous
son, my days glided by in happiness, nor did
aught seem wanting. Alas ! how sadly re-
verse

verse my present state: the morning of my life basked in the sun-shine of felicity, but the evening has been marked by crimes, and my night sets in misery !

Bitter sighs, at these words, choaked the utterance of the old man, while the stream of sorrow flowed down his cheek, and grief sat pictured in his frenzied eye.

Pardon this digression, he cried, the remembrance of past joys, though at the distance of many a long, long year, bears down my reason, and drives me almost to a state of madness.

With rapture I beheld the increasing perfections of my son Walter, and devoted my time in training his youthful mind to trace the road of virtue. How amply were my cares rewarded ! even now, methinks, I view his countenance, beaming gratitude and attention, as he listened to the documents his father laid before him.

Thus

Thus did he spend his time, till he attained the age of manhood, when the fierce disputes between the ill-timed Edward Caernarvon, and his Queen, spread civil war throughout the nation. Whatever were the failings of that unhappy Monarch, and many, I believe, they were, I resolved strictly to adhere in my allegiance to him. From that period I date my woes.

About the same time, my son wished much to visit the metropolis, to which I consented, and saw him quit the purlieus of my castle with an aching heart. However, I shortly had the comfort of a letter, though not wholly unalloyed, as in it he highly extolled the Queen's favourite, Mortimer. Still I flattered myself it was nothing more than the temporary friendship of a raw youth; but when each billet teemed with fresh praises of the rebel, I began to suspect, by his arts, he had drawn my offspring from the duty he owed his Sovereign, and lowered him into a traitor.

On

On this, I instantly wrote to Walter, requesting his presence. His answer was filled with tenderness; he conjured me to dispense with his immediate attendance, as Mortimer was at that time making head against the Spenser's: that he had pledged himself to assist him with the vassals of his father, who he hoped would enable him to fulfil his promise.

Irritated at this declaration against his legal Monarch, I again summoned him, refusing either pecuniary, or any other aid, to a cause I despised.

With a manly, but submissive firmness, he replied, My anger was his only cause of sorrow: the sordid trash used by misers in their intercourse, and raked from the bowels of the earth, he contemned: the aid he had promised to his friend, he was prevented giving, but his single, arm, and sword, should be devoted to his service: and if he fell in battle, the only agonizing thought that would embitter

embitter his latest minutes, would be, that he died under the displeasure of a loved parent.

I wept over the paper that contained these lines, but my heart, of Adamantine hardness, forbade the entrance of the cherub meek-eyed pity; and I withstood the entreaties of my beloved Eleanor, who vainly pleaded for her offspring. Barbarian like, I persisted in my cruelty, and saw her reduced, by the ruthless fang of anguish, to a sick bed. There she had continued some time, when one morn, a gentle tap at my closet door aroused me from a kind of lethargic meditation into which I had fallen: I opened it, and found it was the porter of the castle who had knocked.

“ So, Hubert,” said I, what brings thee here ?”

“ Alas! my Lord,” he cried, “ I scarce know how to tell you: but you have been a kind master to me, and I cannot bear to see
you

you injured, and sit tamely down as an accomplice."

His words excited my curiosity.

"Prythee cease your commendations," quoth I, "and impart your business."

"I will," he replied, "but restrain your anger, good sir, and, if possible, listen to me with calmness. Two nights ago, my lady's woman came to the gate, and informed me her mistress wished to speak with me.

"With me," returned I, "Can't tell what about?"

"No," retorted she, "but you will learn that from herself."

I obeyed the summons, and my lady thus accosted me.—"Hubert," she said, "I think I can rely upon you; you are, I know, a faithful servant. Take this purse, and in
return

return admit a stranger, who will knock gently at the gate about the hour of twelve: you will be near, and will conduct him hither, but, for your life, divulge not a syllable to my Lord!"

I retired, having promised obedience to her commands; and, at the time mentioned, the person arrived, muffled in a horseman's coat, which effectually concealed his countenance. The female emissary was ready to receive him, and conducted him into the castle, where he remained for near two hours, then departed. This morning Agnes once more accosted me, saying, "Our visitor will be here again to night: be secret, and you are made for ever."

His intended coming a second time, struck me as suspicious, and I have revealed it to you, my Lord, that you may act as you think proper, and that I may have a load off my mind which troubles me."

I thanked

I thanked my faithful domestick, continued Hildebrand, while every nerve in me was strained by jealousy and revenge. Thy fidelity, Hubert, I said, shall not go unrewarded. Admit this adulterer at the appointed time, and instantly repair to me; he shall be well provided for.

The porter retired, leaving me in a state painful, nay impossible, to describe. Impatiently I tarried the approach of night, and with rapture beheld the glittering car of Sol descend beneath the horizon; and the black pitchy mantle of darkness invade the earth, as most congenial with my feelings, and suited to my bloody purpose. The fatal hour at length arrived, and I heard footsteps softly creeping through the gallery. On opening the door, I found Hubert with a dark lantern, and, joining him, flew upon the sable wings of dire revenge to the apartment of my wife. I entered an adjacent closet, that commanded a prospect of the next room, and from thence saw a man, muffled in a cloak,

his back towards me, and bent on one knee, pressing the hand of my wife to his lips, while she seemed to devour him with her eyes.

“Heaven knows,” she cried, “how tenderly I love you, and how I have lamented the cruel chance that prevents me seeing you often!”

I could brook no more, but, overcome by jealousy and indignation, I rushed into the chamber, exclaiming, “Perfidious woman! be this the reward of thy boasted tenderness!” and, with these words, plunged my steel, even to the hilt, in the breast of the stranger, who staggered, groaned, and fell upon the couch, while Eleanor, with a loud shriek, threw herself upon him.

This, if possible, inflamed my temper more; I thought her lost to all decency, when even the presence of an injured husband could not restrain her lawless passion, and proceeded to drag her from the body. But
what

what were my feelings at that moment? I tore her from the object, whereon she had cast herself, and the face of the man being now visible, presented to my astonished sight the features of my Walter! Pale, inanimate, distorted by the pangs of death!

What sufferings could equal mine? An only son weltering in gore, and deprived of existence by a murderous father: a wife, whose every wish consisted in my happiness, brought to the verge of the grave, and now a witness of her offspring's martyrdom. Grief, despair, every horrid passion, took possession of me: I wept, I raved, I cursed myself, and the hour in which I was created: but all in vain, my frenzy or repentance could not recall my son, whose death lays heavy on my head. Even now the recollection curdles my vital blood!

"The bare recital affects me exactly in the same manner," quoth Owen, who wished to return to the cottage, and satisfy his more

predominant sense of tasting; "I think you had better finish your tale another time; your great men are always seeking food for the mind; now, for my part, I prefer a mutton cutlet, or a sirloin, to all the stories I ever heard."

Leonard silenced his loquacious 'Squire, and Hildebrand proceeded thus :

Frantick I quitted the castle, and, mounting my horse, made for the royal camp, hoping death would end my sufferings, and my guilt together. The soul-inspiring trumpet, on the subsequent morn, aroused me : I quickly armed myself, and took my station, but neither the clangour of the war, nor the groans of wounded thousands, could divert my mind from a retrospection of my past crime. In every hostile helm methought the ghastly features of my murdered Walter darted reproach. I courted destruction, but to no purpose; the barbed arrows flew ineffectually round my wicked head, while they

they pierced the breasts of those, whose hearts were uncontaminated with vice.

The battle ended, and victory declared on our side, the shouts of conquering soldiers rent the air; each frame was actuated by excess of joy, save mine; which, callous to every sensation but despair, loathed even the sound of happiness. While the victors banquetted on their luxurious viands, I glutted upon melancholy, and, in this situation, remembrance presented these Pyrenean mountains: without delay I set off for them, and here have since sojourned. My food I gather, by the light of Cynthia, in the neighbouring vales:—the place suits well my distracted mind, for, when my pulse beats high, and heats my aged blood, I ascend the aspiring hills, and, in their snowy tops, seek to cool the raging stream of life; but, when the vital current slowly flows, or horror freezes every vein, from precipice to precipice I run and warm my icy body.

This is the history you desired to hear, and now, I pray you tell me, have I not cause to shun that world, which would revive my griefs, and in this dreary wild strive to atone my error?

Leonard acquiesced in what Hildebrand said, but at the same time used every argument to draw him from his retirement,

“Consider,” cried the youth, “the rash act was not committed, supposing it was your son; and sure, the honour of an injured husband cannot be appeased, but by the blood of the adulterer. These were your sentiments at the fatal moment; and though you have to accuse fate that you have unwittingly shed your offspring’s blood, yet sure your conscience may be easy.”

“Excellent young man,” exclaimed Hildebrand, “how few are like you! Oft have the passing populace ascended these steep hills to gaze at me, but never strove to sooth
me

me with a word of comfort. Oft have they fixed their eyes upon my care-worn form, while bursts of laughter shook their convulsed sides, and almost tempted me to cast their scoffing carcases from the stupenduous height."

Here the fatigue of retrospection which his recital had harrowed up, much enfeebled him, and he ceased to speak, while night's black veil warned Leonard to retrace his steps down the precipice's side. After a sincere and friendly leave-taking, he parted with the old man, and, returning to the cottage, passed the remainder of the evening in ruminating on the sufferings of Hildebrand, and the unfathomable ways of Providence !

CHAP. X.

He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouzes all the storms.
Down rush'd the night, east, west, together roar,
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore.

POPE.

LEONARD shortly bade adieu to the Pyrenees, and bent his way towards —, where he had the happiness to meet his friend Edgar, who gave him an account of the cause of their separation, in the following words.

You

You must remember the lady whose horse passed us with such velocity; I followed her for near a league, and, at length, had the mortification to see her unhorfed; on which I instantly dismounted, and ran to her assistance. Fortunately she had received no injury, for the ground whereon she fell was covered with a soft green turf. Just as she had recovered from the fright, wherein the accident had thrown her, an aged soldier joined us, and declared his joy on finding her unhurt.

Our care was now to find some habitation, where the lady might repose her for the night, and near at hand we espied a cottage: thither I conducted her, and knocked at the lowly portal, which was opened by a female, who granted the lodging we requested.

I then besought the fair stranger to inform me, by what cause I came to meet her almost unprotected?

She replied, to with-hold any intelligence from, ^xyou, would be an ill requital for the service you have done me.

I am, by birth, an English woman, and was lately sent by my parents to pass a few months at the castle of the Count Saint Julian, not fifty leagues from hence: there I had been some time, when the son of that nobleman arrived, and, unfortunately, fixed his affections on me. Having travelled most part of Europe, he had imbibed so vast a share of vanity, that he fondly imagined it impossible for any woman to look upon his person without admiring him. How it was, I know not, but I was blind to the perfections he possessed; and, when he condescended to reveal his passion, I entreated him to conquer it, as I had no thought of changing my estate.

He was much piqued at the careless manner in which I spoke, and told me there were several women, far my superiors, would have rejoiced at such a declaration; but advised

me

me not to suppose he would easily give up the pursuit.

He then went immediately to his parents, to whom he related all that had passed, and I was soon after persecuted by their solicitations. But, on my firmly telling them I never would become the wife of the young Count, their rage knew no bounds, and they bitterly upbraided me; on which I declared my resolution to quit their mansion: this, they informed me, they would not consent to, and bade me despair of ever seeing my friends again, unless I gave my hand to their son.

I know not what I should have done, had not this faithful soldier, Oliver, whom my father had sent with me, effected my escape. He procured horses, and tarried for me at a small distance from the castle, from which place I walked, attended by an old woman, who watched me like my shadow. Oliver, however, spite of her cries, fastened her to a

tree ; then seating me on my steed, we proceeded towards the sea coast, and in our passage a wolf, who suddenly sprung at my courser, caused that noble creature to rush with violence from his sanguinary foe. I need say no more, than that I am much indebted to you, and never can I forget the obligation.

Thus ended she her narrative, quoth Edgar, on which I besought her to spare her acknowledgments, and to suffer me to be her safeguard wheresoever she might be going. She thanked me, and gave me permission to escort her to this port, which was the utmost I could obtain ; and from hence she embarked, but where the vessel bore her I know not.

De Courci here paused, and the Knights, attended by their Squires, now quitted the continent, and embarked for their native country ; but were scarce under way, when a violent storm overtook them : loud thunder
shook

shook the globe, and seemed as if it was again to be involved in ruin; darkness was spread over the surface of the deep, which was rendered more horrible by the forked lightning that gave a momentary flash, as though to shew the yesty waves, which, lion-mouthed, opened their ravenous jaws, and threatened instant death; while the wind fiercely whistled through the rigging, and chilled their very souls.

The tempest increasing, they were driven for several hours they knew not whither, and their bark, no longer obedient to the will of the mariners, struck upon a rock, and instantly parted. Being still dark, they could not receive any assistance from the inhabitants on shore, and most of the crew were lost. De Courci and Leonard, with Lewis, the follower of the former, by making themselves fast to a plank, gained the land at day break, and were soon observed by a fisherman, who was then going, the storm having somewhat subsided, to his vocation. His face, it is true, was

was not calculated to pre-possess the beholder in his favour, his features being far from regular, and his complexion of a comely copper: His heart, however, was actuated by compassion and generosity: he resembled a rough hewn casket, that at first we eye with indifference, but which, when we behold the jewel within, we treasure for the sake of what it contains..

Perceiving their situation, with humanity that would have done honour to one in an higher sphere, his only thought was about relieving them; he kindly, therefore, inquired if it was in his power to be of service to them? They thanked him, and asked the name of the place? He told them the Isle of Wight, and again offered his assistance.

I have, he said, a lowly, but I trust an hospitable cabin, the gang-way of which was never made fast against the entrance of the disabled, or the unfortunate. I have been a sailor, and, though for some time my voyages
have

have been made only in my fishing smack, yet I have not so far forgot the character of a British seaman, as not to know his duty is to relieve the distressed. Hand me your yard-arms, and I will tow you into port in half a glass.

Without tarrying a reply, he took a hand of each, for they were very weak and exhausted, and led them to his cot, where they found the wife of their conductor, who, it is sufficient to say, possessed an heart like his own.

“Yo! ho! mesmate,” he exclaimed; “here are some strangers who have been ship-wrecked: I have pilotted them hither; and I trust you will give them the best cheer you can: Come, Ursula, let us sound your lockers! It is not low water, is it?”

Then having furnished them with fresh apparel, the homely fare, which consisted only of milk and dried fish, was spread upon
the

the board, and the Knights eat with a better appetite than had they feasted on the choicest viands. Having ended their repast, they expressed a desire to discover some vessel that might convey them to England. This their host, whose name was Peter, undertook to procure, and strove, at the same time, to raise their drooping spirits.

“Come, your honours,” he said, “never be down hearted ; laugh at the storms of life : why I myself was beating up against the wind for several years, and have as many crosses on the log-book as any one. But, what then ! why my timbers are of true English oak, and I buffeted the gale of sorrow, which made no more impression on my mind, than the wake of a ship leaves on the water.” Then resigning his guests to the care of Ursula, he quitted the cottage.

The sun was just sunk beneath the western horizon ; the faint reflection only of his rays still spangled the bosom of the old ocean,
when

when the fisherman returned, accompanied by the unfortunate Owen, who, after testifying joy, and congratulating his master on their preservation, cried, " 'Tis all mighty well, thank heaven, we have escaped drowning now, but do not let us tempt fate a second time, for the proverb may not be inclined to save us again. *By the valour of my Ancesters!* I would not undergo what I have lately done, to be restored to their possessions! First, to be thrown into a burning fever through fright, and then cast into the ocean, by way of a cold bath; and I too, that have as great an antipathy to water as a mad dog: at all events, I will not return home by sea, which is the most destructive, dangerous devilish.——"

"Avast, you lubber!" exclaimed Peter, "ship a little manhood on board your crazy hulk, and swab the spray from your bows: why, d—me! they are as wet as if you had been turning to windward in a stiff gale! and harkee, my friend, though I am sorry for your mishap, and for any one that gets to
leeward

leeward of fortune, yet you may chance to have a *salt eel* for your supper, if you offer to go to abuse the element by which I live, and by which, not only the wealth, but the glory, of old England is supported!—I beg pardon, your honours; I hope you will excuse the bluntness of an old weather-beaten tar; but I do not like to see a body put in their oar where they have no business. I have dispatches for you from our Baron, the Lord Montmorenci; bless his merry heart! he desires you will put in at his castle, where you will find better messing than in my poor birth."

"But how, my friend," said Leonard, "did he know we were your guests?"

"I told him," replied their host, "You must know I am a sort of a kind of a signal ship, stationed here upon the look-out; and, if I find any foundering on the shoals of distress, it is my post to hail our worthy Lord, who instantly lends them an hand. On part-
ing

ing company with you, I made sail for the castle, and informed him you had been shipwrecked, and that it was well you did not go to *Davy Jones*; on which he bade me steer you to him, where you will meet with good cheer I warrant. As I was homeward-bound, I fell in with this fair-weather spark, lying on the sands upon his back, poor fellow, like a turtle out of water: I poured a drop of grog down his throat, which set him afloat, and then convoyed him hither."

"Is the mansion of the Baron far from hence?" quoth Edgar.

"Far! Lord love your head," cried Peter, "why I can discern a sea-gull upon the battlements on a clear morning."

They then departed for the castle, and, arriving at the gate, dismissed their guide, to whom Leonard offered some pieces of money; "Take this," he said, "as a small recompence for your humanity."

"Begging

"Begging your pardon," answered Peter, "it is no such thing; it is only the duty one fellow-creature owes another; and may he, who does not fully discharge that duty, never know the blessing of being himself assisted, or the satisfaction that accompanies a good action. Heaven bless your honours!"

Peter then turned his steps towards home, and the young Knights entered the courtyard; where, on their appearance, an aged man ran, and hailed the arrival of De Courci with every demonstration of joy; and Edgar immediately recognized the countenance of the faithful Oliver.

"My friend!" he exclaimed, "by what strange chance do I find thee here?"

"No matter, sir," replied the soldier, "there is one within, whose reception will give you more satisfaction than mine."

He

He then led them into a spacious apartment, where they were hospitably received by the Lord and mistress of the mansion; and soon after a young lady entered the room; but what were Edgar's sensations, when he discovered in her the fair one he had seen in France, escaping from her persecutors! Neither the Baron, his consort, or Leonard, could conceive the cause of their mutual surprise, till Julia, so was the female named, informed them De Courci was the person who had so kindly and essentially served her while abroad.

The evening was passed in congratulatory conversation, and, on retiring, their slumbers were unbroken by the horrors of guilt, or the stings of a reproachful conscience. Such rest is ever sure to attend the pillows of the innocent!

During the evening, orders were given to take particular care of Lewis; as for Owen, he had kindly undertaken that hospitable
office

office for himself; for, conscious of his being an utter stranger to this noble family, he had silently, and respectfully, retired from the presence of his master, on their first entering the castle; he soon, however, discovered the way of introducing himself into that quarter, where he could find a proper equality, and where he likewise made himself acquainted with the substantial means of regalement, after the fatigues of his voyage.

On rising in the morning, the warriors expressed their anxiety to depart, which their host strenuously opposed.

“No,” he said, “I cannot consent so soon to lose you; and though the envious elements, against your inclinations, drove you hither, let me hope I shall owe your company, for a few days, to your own good will.”

“We are much honoured by your invitation,” replied De Courci, “but are expected

pected by our friends. You, who are yourself a father, can well conceive the anxious care of a fond parent."

"I can," quoth the Baron, "and I thank heaven I can feel the power of gratitude! you befriended my child in a hard trying minute: the debt is by far too great ever to be cancelled, but let me at least endeavour to discharge a part of it: if my whole fortune could be considered as an equivalent, with pleasure I would resign it. Do not, I conjure you, refuse the only favour you can add to those we have already received. I will instantly dispatch messengers to your expectant families, provided you will give me their name and abode.

Edgar answered, "Your Lordship may command me; after what you have been pleased to say, I cannot but accept your proffered hospitality; and, since you generously offer to ease the raking doubts that must rend
the

the breast of him who gave me being, receive my thanks.—My name is De Courci; in the west of England stands the mansion of my ancestors.”

“What is thine?” said the Lord Montmoreci, turning to Leonard, whose cheek blushed a deep crimson at the question.

“My name and birth,” replied the youth, “are humble; upon the estate of Lord Fitzallan, in fair Northumberland, I drew my earliest breath.”

“My friend,” cried the Baron, addressing himself to the follower of Leonard, “I do not know your name.”

“Truly, my Lord,” replied Owen, “my name is not very well known as yet, not having had an opportunity of distinguishing myself by any bold achievements; nor are my parents in affluence. *Like master, like*
man,

man, you will say. Though I could shew your Lordship a file of ancestors as long as a chain of Welch mountains! First, there was the great Ap Hugh; from him descended the renowned Ap Price, who gave birth to Ap Griffin; after them comes Ap Williams; then Ap Hume; all of which center in the present Owen Ap Lewyn, distantly related to the great Prince Lewellyn."

"I thank you for the recital of your pedigree," interrupted the Baron, with a smile, "though I must own, I before thought there was something noble in your manner."

"Yes, I have often been told so," quoth the 'Squire, conceitedly.

"Well then, you will oblige me," returned Montmorenci, "by desiring the Steward to attend me in the oaken parlour, that I may give him instructions to

prepare messengers to convey my guests letters."

So saying, he departed from the room, while Edgar wrote to his father, and Leonard indited a billet to old Christopher, and another to Emma.

CHAP. XI.

O sacred fire that burnest mightily
 In living beasts, ykindled first above,
 Amongst th'eternal spheres and lamping sky,
 And thence pour'd in men, which men call love;
 Not that same which doth base affections move
 In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
 But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,
 And choseth vertue for his dearest dame,
 Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-dying fame.

SPENSER.

4
 LONG they had not sojourned at the Isle
 of Wight, 'ere Leonard discovered in
 De Courci, a thoughtfulness he could not
 account for; and about which he resolved to

interrogate him, the first opportunity that offered. This he soon had; strolling from the castle, he descried Edgar, stretched on the grass, beneath the shadow of a lofty pine; he seemed lost in reverie; nor did he perceive his friend, until he inquired the cause of his being in so retired a spot.

De Courci, with an embarrassed air, replied, "The heat of the weather had driven him to seek the shelter of that friendly tree."

"In vain," quoth Leonard, "you attempt to deceive me; some secret anguish preys upon your spirits, to which I am a stranger: impart your grief, the lenient hand of friendship may administer some consolation; and, should that pleasure be denied me, be assured your recital shall be locked in the cabinet of my bosom, of which you yourself shall keep the key."

"Thou art, indeed, a friend!" cried Edgar, "and yet I am ashamed to own my weakness."

weakness. Know, then, I love the gentle Julia from my soul; yea, idolize her. On our first interview, in distant Gallia, I sucked the fatal poison, but strove to conquer my rash passion; which, since her unexpected presence here, has gained so great an ascendancy, I vainly strive to shake it off, for it will end but in the grave."

"And call you this a weakness?" exclaimed Leonard, with energy; "if so, you are indeed unworthy of the lady's love. No! make it your boast; for sure, if boasting may be licenced, it is when an enraptured lover proclaims the beauties of his mistress."

"Alas!" returned De Courci, "you know not what I have endured! since first I saw the heavenly enchantress, sleep has been as great a stranger to these eyes, as comfort to the wretch condemned to waste his life in hopeless bondage. I should, 'ere this, have made my passion known, and claimed, at least, some share of her soft pity, but that I

fear the pensive turn, with which nature has marked my disposition, must appear unseemly in the eyes of one possessed of such vivacity. Judge then ——”

“ And is it possible,” interrupted Leonard, “ that, uncertain of the sentiments of her you love, you thus become a victim of despair? Shake off this mental lethargy; disclose to her the flame with which your bosom burns, and sue for a return: should she prove averse to your fond wishes, it will then be time enough to yield yourself a prey to misery.”

Edgar, somewhat comforted by this remonstrance, promised to profit by his friend's advice, and returned with him to the castle.

In the evening, the Baron Montmorenci and his lady, having quitted the hall, the son of Christopher found means to retire, leaving De Courci with Julia. They were no sooner alone,

alone, than, in a tremulous voice, he thus addressed her.

“Forgive, charming creature, the abruptness of what I am about to say, nor let me lose the small share of your esteem, that I flatter myself I at present possess, by a rash declaration. Have I your permission to speak?—Say yes, and make me blest.”

“Indeed,” said she, “I have no commission from his holiness; nor did I ever know it was in my power to bestow a blessing: but, if it is comprised in so small a compass as a monosyllable, take it.—Yes!”

“Adorable lady!” cried Edgar, “deign to listen to me. From the first moment I beheld you, my heart has been your slave: tasteless and insipid is every pleasure to me; and, unless you condescend to bid me hope, my happiness is forever blasted. To my native country I bid an eternal adieu, and spend the sad remainder of my days in volun-

tary banishment. But wheresoever I turn my wandering steps, whether amidst the scorching climes of distant India, or the drizzling snow of Lapland, still your lov'd image shall accompany me, and cheer my solitary hours."

"I am not," replied the fair one, "quite so cruel as to wish to sacrifice your peace to my own vanity; nor do I wish my name to be handed down to posterity, by the appellation of the hard-hearted maiden, who forced a noble youth to quit his country for love! to be plain, I am far from disliking you; procure the sanction of those who have a prior right to me, and, I do not think I shall drive you to desperation."

Edgar dropped on his knee, and pressed her hand with fervency to his lips; then hurried in quest of Leonard, whom he made acquainted with his success; and, at the same time, besought him to use his interest with Montmorenci, to procure his assent.

They

They both instantly repaired to their noble host, and opened their suit. He listened with attention to them, and frankly owned, there was no man he would so soon call son, as De Courci; but, at the same time, forbade his speaking more on the subject, till he had obtained his father's approbation; to whom Edgar wrote, and had the satisfaction to receive the accord of his parent.

All was now happiness at the castle; pleasure, with her mirthful train, seemed to have made it her abode: joy wanted in every countenance, save young Leonard's, whose features forced a momentary smile; like to the moon, when through a watery cloud she makes her way to cheer the benighted traveller, and is again obscured by vapours. He was a captive in the chains of love: the thought of his beloved Emma, like the Promethean vulture, preyed upon his vitals, and banished peace from his disordered mind.

Each succeeding day was spent at the castle in nearly the same manner as the preceding one; their first, their last, and constant care, was to return thanks to the Almighty disposer of all events, for his wonderful bounty. The morning was employed by the Baron, and his young visitants, in hunting, and other manly exercises: by Julia, and her mother, in wandering through the cottages of the tenants, and relieving the wants of age and infancy. Nor was their charity unrewarded; the sympathizing tear that stole imperceptibly down their cheek, on relieving a distressed innocent from unmerited misery, was a source of greater bliss to them, than all the noisy mirth and splendour of a court. The latter part of the day was entirely devoted to the ladies; they rode, walked, or diverted themselves with angling in a lake that laid at the back of the castle.

One evening, while they were employed in the latter amusement, Julia stumbled over the root of an old oak, that spread itself along
the

the bank, and fell into the water. Edgar, unmindful of his own safety, and anxious only for that of his mistress, plunged in to save her.

Her father, who with Leonard, was at some distance, perceiving the perilous situation of his child, ran to afford her aid, and arrived at the spot from which she had fallen, at the instant that De Courci brought her in his arms to shore. They conveyed her, almost lifeless, to the castle, and she was immediately put to bed by her afflicted mother; while Edgar was in a state of mind not to be described; and the Baron, notwithstanding his own grief, was obliged to use every means in his power to mitigate that of his friend.

In the course of a few hours, Julia gave signs of returning life; which welcome news was instantly made known to the Knights, accompanied by a message from their noble hostess, requesting to see them both the next

H 6

morning,

morning, when she hoped her daughter would be able to express her gratitude to her generous deliverer. On receiving this consoling intelligence, they bade adieu, and parted.

Owen attended his master to his chamber, and instantly entered into conversation.

"I hope, sir," cried the Squire, "you will not be offended at what I am about to say, but I can be silent no longer; and a man may as well be killed as frightened to death. In short, I am firmly bent on making my escape from this place, the very first opportunity that offers. Zounds, if such things happen often, *By the valour of my ancestors!* I would not stay to be made Lord of the island."

"What ails thee?" replied his master, "the accident you allude to might indeed have been fatal; thank heaven it proved otherwise! but, had the lady perished, I knew

know your gallantry would not have prompted you to aid her."

"You cannot tell that," quoth Owen,
"But how comes it, sir, your gallantry did not whisper you to assist her?"

"I was at a distance," returned Leonard,
"and ran immediately to her relief."

"Yes," cried his follower, "but you know you might have made a little more haste if you would."

The Knight smiled at the retort, and answered, "I did not know your feelings were so fine. And is this your reason for wishing to depart?"

"Oh! no!" exclaimed Owen, "I am very sorry for the poor lady to be sure; but my fears arise from a different cause. I am certain the castle is haunted; for coming through the gallery to night in the dark, I
espied

espied a light through a key-hole : Ho! ho!" says I to myself, " this leads to some apartment ; but, instead of that, it opened into the chapel, where the first thing that I saw, was an undescribable kind of being, at the altar, more like a devil than a man, dressed in black, with large eyes, fire at his nostrils, and a ~~large~~ pair of whiskers, as large as a Turk's. I need not tell you my courage forsook me a little : By the valor of my ancestors ! nay, and St. David, and the whole catalogue of champions to boot, I shook like an aspen leaf, and tottered out much faster than I entered. Now you may make light of it, if you please ; but I myself am not fond of strange company, and always had a violent antipathy to capering goblins."

" Blockhead !" interrupted his master, " your fears have conjured up this phœnomenon."

" And

“ And pray, sir, was it my fears that conjured up the phœ—mo—: what is it? I mean the ghost at Fitzallan’s mansion.”

“ No trifling,” quoth the Knight, “ but come, attend me to the chapel, and let me have ocular demonstration that there is truth in your assertion. Follow me !”

“ No,” replied Owen, “ if I do, brand me for a coward ! I’ll not run my head into danger : and let me tell you, sir, if you was to get old father Anselm to lay it in the red sea, (for that is the burial place, they tell me, for all spirit’s bodies) it would be much better than paying your respects to it : take my word you will be brought in as an accomplice ; and then they will burn you for a Wizard, as poor Hugh, the Currier of Glamorgan, was served.—I will tell you a story about that affair ; I had it from my father. You must know there was an old Witch that used ——”

“ Peace !

"Peace! foolish paltroon!" cried Leonard, "then tarry here till I return."

"In good sooth," said the Squire, "if that is the case, I am afraid I shall wait long enough."

"Silence, idiot!" exclaimed his master, taking a taper, and drawing his falchion, "and direct me to the chapel."

Owen went into the gallery, and, having pointed out the door he had discovered, locked himself in the chamber of Leonard, who entered the sacred place; where, immediately, the solemn, mellow strains of the organ vibrated on his ear, and rolled through the several aisles, till, lost in distance, they were heard no more. Astonishment took possession of his faculties! Was it possible any person could, at so unseasonable an hour, visit the cold damp pavement of a place like that? And if so, for what purpose? These
ideas

ideas perplexed him; nevertheless, he approached, and beheld a figure descend the stairs of the choir, and suddenly vanish through a door, which it immediately closed, and was opposite to that Leonard entered at.

He endeavoured to open it, but to no purpose; then, much chagrined, repaired to his own apartment, and was congratulated by Owen on his escape, as he termed it.

“ Well, sir,” said he, “ was it my fears conjured up this Demon?”

“ I confess,” answered the Knight, “ there is something more than fancy in what you told me.”

“ I *fancy* so indeed,” cried his follower, “ and I *fancy* that it is the *fancy* of this dev,—I mean this gentleman with the cloven foot, to frighten us all to death!”

“ No

"No more," interrupted Leonard, "but this: let me entreat you to conceal your idle fears from the domesticks, nor drop a syllable of what has passed. To-morrow night I am fixed on discovering the mystery that attends the chapel."

He then dismissed his 'Squire, and retired to his couch.

CHAP. XII.

Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels, and the house of woe;
To gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing heart, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek.

WHARTON.

IN the mean while the afflicted Edgar,
with anxiety, waited the return of day;
and scarce did the golden axles of the ruddy
god dart above the eastern hills, 'ere he arose,
and repaired to the chamber of Leonard."

" Pardon

“ Pardon this early intrusion,” he said, “ but the solicitude I have undergone since yester-evening, ~~has deprived me of rest~~: my couch is comfortless, and the only satisfaction I can experience, must be in your society.”

The son of Christopher instantly arose, and accompanied his friend to the sea-beach, where they walked till the usual hour of the families rising; they then returned, and sent to inquire if they might be permitted to pay their respects to the ladies: the answer was, the Baroness and Julia would be happy to see them in the apartment of the latter, who was so much recovered as to be able to leave her bed.

On entering the room, De Courci could no longer conceal his feelings, but threw himself upon his knees before his mistress, and, pressing her hand to his lips, exclaimed, “ Charming Julia! did you know the torture I have suffered, since I last beheld you,
you

you might form an idea of the passion that consumes me."

She replied, "It is impossible for words to convey the thanks that are your due; and, in sooth, I am a very indifferent orator at best: all, then, I can offer you, is my heart, of which you have, indeed, long been master; and the warmth of whose affection, the frigid water has not had power to abate."

"She is yours," said her father, "had I a thousand daughters, and a thousand kingdoms to bestow on them, I would wish none a happier lot."

De Courci considered himself over-paid, by the thanks he received from this truly noble family; and experienced peculiar satisfaction in having contributed to their happiness.

During the day, Owen contrived to mount his favourite hobby, and was, as usual, indebted

debted to the fertility of his own brain for the narrations he related. He recounted battles that had never taken place, and slew heroes that never had existence.

"This is all mighty fine talk," quoth Jeremy the Steward, "but do not you think it much better to live at home in quiet, than to cut one another in pieces? If you look out from the fourth gallery window, you will see the flocks grazing: pretty things! Oh, I often wish to be a lamb!"

"A what," cried Owen, "a lamb? No, nature very plainly designed you for an afs; nor in this instance has her plan been thwarted. *By the valour of my ancestors!* you have no more heart than a tom-tit; though to be sure every man is not blest with courage. But, what the deuce, would you have a person waste his life in solitude, and then, as you are, be kept like part of the armour in the great hall, merely for the sake of antiquity? I know nothing to be sure: but this I do know,

know, that I would recommend the profession of arms to all young men."

Thus did the 'Squire boast, although, at the same time, he would rather have had the command of a good pantry, and a well stored cellar of wine, than have been constituted generalissimo of half the forces in Europe.

Mean-while, the tedious hours appeared of double length to the impetuous Leonard, who ardently tarried the tolling of the curfew, as he determined again to repair unto the chapel, and endeavour to develop the mystery that waited on it. At length the wished for night appeared, and, at the usual time of retirement, Owen attended his master, as had been ordered, and fought, by every argument, to put him from his purpose.

"So, sir," he exclaimed, "you are going to make one in the chapel. But do, for the blessed Virgin's sake, before it is too late, consider what you are about;

about; and, if this strange gentleman must amuse himself in nightly revels, pray, if you have any interest, persuade him to hold them somewhere else; for instance, at the neighbouring convent: I am told the Monks are fine jolly fellows, and you know there he will not disturb any one, there are so many of his own kidney."

"Flockhead," said Leonard, "will you never divest yourself of these unmanly, cowardly ideas? What is there I should fear? I have done no one an injury, and, I trust, the Omnipotent Being, who has so often led me through the carnage of battle, will never forsake me while I deserve his protection."

"True," replied his follower, "but you know it is wrong to be too troublesome; and I am certain, were I to run myself into as many dangers as you do, I should be so often upon my knees, that my prayers would be wholly disregarded."

The

The hoarse and brazen voice of the castle clock, now chiming, stoped this harangue, and warned Leonard of his intention.

It was at the dark and dismal hour of night, when church-yards yawn, and vomit forth the restless spirits of the dead, to shake the conscience of the murderer; when the "shard-born beetle" wheels his droney hum, and bats through cloistered churches flit their way, disturbing the silent mansion of those deceased; when the nightly, and portentous screech owl flaps against the casement of the sickly wretch, and warns him to prepare for his sad end: at the lonely time when witches solemnize pale Hecate's festival, by the reflex of Cynthia's beams, Leonard once more entered the chapel, and beheld the same figure.

Being somewhat more collected, he exclaimed, "Who art thou?" when the object before him uttered a loud shriek, and sunk upon the pavement. He instantly ran to the spot, and, touching the supposed
VOL. I. I. phantom,

phantom, had the felicity to find it was no shadow, but his dear, his living Emma!

Their joy, on meeting, cannot be described, and, for a time, prevented Leonard the power of articulation: at length he entreated his beloved to disclose the happy means that so unexpectedly blest him with her sight.

“Alas!” quoth the maid, “persecution has driven me from my home, and forced me to become a wandering exile.”

“Persecution, said’st thou?” exclaimed her lover, “tell me but the name of those who have dared to injure innocence like thine; and, fear not, but they shall dearly atone their savage cruelty.”

“Be calm,” returned Emma, “and you shall know all. A short time back, I was surprised by the arrival of a stranger at our cottage, richly caparisoned, and attended by a numerous

a numerous retinue; he desired a private conference with my father, which was granted, and was of long continuance. At the conclusion the guest departed, and my parent, in a serious tone, addressed me in the following words."

" You know, Emma, what pains I have taken to rear you; and you also know, in your happiness consists my own. You have now the power, and I hope you will not neglect it, of making me some return for all the cares I lavished on you, and to lay up my hours to come in peace and plenty."

" An involuntary horror seized me as he spoke, though unconscious of the cause, and made me tremble like the palsied leaves, when ruffled by the passing gale !"

" Thou dost not answer me," continued my father.

“ I faintly replied, You have put no question to me: it is true, you have declared I can make you a recompense for your past tendernefs: tell me then how, and I shall be happy?”

“ Thou art a good girl,” quoth he, “ mark me, this stranger is a Knight of wide domain, and Lord of many vassals: he has solicited your hand, which in your name I have promised him.”

“ I could hear no more, my senses were benumbed, and I fell into a swoon. When I revived, I found my father busy in attending me, although his features were much distorted by rage and disappointment.

“ He instantly renewed the subject,” saying, “ No more of this childish play: you must, you shall be his.”

“ Never!” interrupted I, “ Though I were dragged unto the altar, where many a victim

victim has preceded me; nay, though the irrevocable ceremony were performed, and the fatal ring placed on my trembling hand, my heart would still befriend me, and death should put a period to my sufferings!"

"By the blessed Mary!" exclaimed my parent, "this is too much! my authority despised even to my face! But prepare for the alternative: you marry this Knight, who degrades himself by seeking the alliance, or quit my cottage and protection for ever!"

"He then left me to my sorrows.

"When I could summon fortitude to reflect, I cast my eyes upon the dreary prospect around me, and could see nought but a wilderness of misery: almost distracted, I knew not how to act; when thy dear loved remembrance, like a friendly beacon to the sea-tossed mariner, came to my tortured fancy, and rescued me from the tremendous precipice whereon I tottered. I instantly re-

solved to fly my home, and, knowing from your letter, you were on this island, to throw myself under your protection. My plan was no sooner formed than executed; I quitted the vale that night, doubly regretting the loss of my deceased mother, and in a state little short of frenzy.

“ The paly glow-worm lighted my lonely way, till dawn appeared upon the misty mountain's top, chasing away the chilling dews of night, and invigorating nature. I pursued my course, and at length embarked for the Isle of Wight.

“ On landing, I was accosted by an aged fisherman, who requested I would accept some refreshment at his cottage. I joyfully embraced the invitation, and accompanied him home, where I was as well entertained as his fare would permit.

“ My kind host then inquired to what part I was destined. A blush suffused my
cheek

check at this question, which I scarce could answer; at length I informed him, it was my desire to get admitted as a domestic in the mansion of the Lord Montmorenci. He replied, I could not have applied to any one who had more interest there than himself; and, so saying, went from the cottage; but returning in a short time, told me the superintendant of the castle would be happy to see me, and I immediately set out for this place, where I have since remained, hoping, by your manner, to discover whether all traces of your Emma were worn from your remembrance.

“ As my chamber adjoins this holy place, I embraced the opportunity of offering up my oraisons to that fount, from whence, alone, comfort can flow. Last night I was alarmed by the sight of a man, as I left the choir: fear impressed me, and caused me to fly swift as my frame would suffer me. The dawn, however, dispelled my apprehensions, and my confident trust in heaven made me deter-

mine again to visit the chapel: I did so, and imagine you, who have ever been the object of my love, was then unwittingly the source of my terror!"

Leonard having affirmed he was the person who had innocently alarmed her, related the various incidents that had befallen him since their parting; in which he had hardly made a conclusion, when the door that opened from the gallery, creek'd on its hinges, and presently the voice of Owen echoed through the chapel, who cried, in a loud whisper, "Sir! sir! are you safe?"

"Enter," returned his master, "here are none but friends."

He peeped in, but discovering Emma, was about to retire.

"What," said Leonard, "Are you frightened at a woman?"

"At

"At what!" exclaimed the 'Squire, returning, "A woman! a woman? I frightened! not at the devil. Oh! oh! now I can account for your determination to fathom the mystery of the chapel. In good truth, had I thought it had been haunted by such a beautiful spirit, I should have made no objection to accompanying you."

"Hold," interrupted the Knight, "why fure you dream! this is the undescribable being with large eyes!——"

"Ah! my dear sir, for heaven's sake stop!" cried Owen, "*By the valour of my Ancestors!* this is like reprieving a man at the gibbet, and hanging him on the next tree. I hope, madam, you will pardon the description I gave of you, but it really was occasioned by fear—that is—not absolutely fear—though I believe it was something devilish like it—a kind of panic, to which the boldest of us warriors are liable at times."

“Spare your observations,” quoth his master, “and now, my lovely Emma, farewell till the morrow, when I will introduce you to my noble host, and his worthy family, who will, I am right sure, feel pleasure in being enabled to offer an asylum to innocence, labouring under the persecution of parental tyranny.”

Then taking leave, they retired; not to rest, but to enjoy the reflection of the past scene. Leonard, on the ensuing morn, entered the hall with a chearful countenance; his noble friends observed his joy, and, being made acquainted with the last night's adventure, requested to be introduced to his mistress.

On her entering the room, they could not marvel that his heart had been enslaved by one possessed of so much beauty: never, indeed, was there a greater assemblage of charms; her lovely form was cast in nature's choicest mould; her intelligent eyes beamed
mildness

mildness and benignity, while the long auburn locks that shaded a neck, white as the swan, and transparent as the crystal stream whereon he sails, were beautiful beyond description. Notwithstanding, her personal accomplishments fell short of the graces that adorned her mind, which, it is sufficient to say, was the abode of innocence and virtue.

The addition of such an inmate at the castle, could not but be acceptable to its noble inhabitants. Leonard, and his adored mistress, experienced the satisfaction so justly their due; their happiness seemed solid; but such is the sublunary state of human life, that, when they thought themselves compleatly blessed, a long and painful separation, like the still calm before an approaching storm, was preparing for them.

About this time Edgar received a letter from his father, requiring his presence, and accompanied by a fervent invitation to his
1 6 friend.

friend. The former presented the billet to Montmorenci, and added, "that he was compelled to take his leave on the ensuing day."

The Baron entreated him to prolong his stay, but De Courci, although his heart was rivetted to the spot which contained his mistress, yet, now that the commands of a parent summoned him, resigned himself to duty and filial affection.

The mind of Leonard, on this occasion, was torn by contending passions: the necessity of his return to England was obvious; as the authors of his being certainly had a claim upon him; but the idea of where he should dispose his Emma, during his absence, much tormented him. The amiable Julia, however, quickly dispelled his anxiety, and banished melancholy from his breast.

"My charming friend," said she to Emma, "we cannot so soon consent to part with

with your society: you must remain with us, and, while these Knights-errants are ploughing the boisterous deep, and rescuing damsels from distress, we will pray together for their safety."

Leonard gladly caught at the invitation, and was happy to leave his mistress to the care of such distinguished characters. A load was taken off his mind, and again pleasure sparkled in his eye. He thought fit, however, to leave his 'Squire as an attendant upon Emma; and when he informed him of his design, and added a strict injunction that he should pay her every attention, Owen replied,

"Fear not but I will serve her with the same assiduity as yourself; and will protect her as nobly as my great grand-father Lewellyn could do, were he alive. *By the valour of my Ancestors!* should any one offend her, they shall taste the flavour of my rapier; and, I have a notion, they will

will find it rather hard of digestion: this is the very weapon that great prince wore at ——."

Leonard smiled at this harangue, and having entreated his 'Squire to act up to what he professed, left him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

———Oh, the curse of marriage!

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Then keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's use.

SHAKESPEARE.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone.——

MILTON.

THE Knights took a tender leave of the Baron, and his family, and, on the following day, quitted the castle. When Leonard bade his mistress farewell, she could scarce

scarce return an answer, so much was her susceptible heart affected. She presented him, at parting, with a white scarf, worked by her own fingers, as a memorial of her love; and he vowed never to resign it, but with his latest breath!

They then proceeded to the sea shore, near which the vessel lay wherein they were to embark; and on the beach they met Peter, who accosted them.

“Well, your honours,” he cried, “what you are homeward bound, hey? The wind and weather is fairer than it was when you landed here: shiver my bowsprit! but it blew great guns that night! however, I fancy you have had a tight birth on’t at the Barons: good messing I take it!”

“We have met with unparalleled hospitality,” replied Edgar, “but our gratitude is not confined to him alone; for had not you kindly

kindly informed him of our misfortune, he had still been ignorant of it."

"Avast, your honour!" said the fisherman, "clap your compliments under hatches; why I know no more of the lingo you are talking, than the sheet-anchor-stock; or, damme! than a French Mounseer knows the taste of roast beef!"

"You are a noble fellow!" quoth Leonard, "and I once more entreat you to accept some recompense for your disinterested generosity."

"No," returned Peter, "I cannot: I am a volunteer in these cases, and would scorn to accept bounty-money for merely performing a common act of charity. Heaven bless you, my masters! may the winds of adversity never shatter your hulks, but may you sail, with a fair breeze, down the current of life, and cast the anchor of your latter days in the port of prosperity!"

With

With these words he departed, while the Knights embarked; and were no sooner on board, than the white sails were set to catch the breath of zephyr, which soon wafted them to the rugged cliffs of Albion's sea-girt shore: They then mounted their horses, and, in a short time, gained the dwelling of De Courci, who welcomed them with equal warmth and affection.

The hours passed upon the downy wings of pleasure, and nought imbittered those of Leonard, and his friend, but the soft image of their absent loves. They anticipated, however, the pleasure of again meeting them, and cheered the spirits of each other, by ever dwelling on their favourite theme.

Thus were they situated, when one day that Leonard was employed in fruitless attempts to decypher the characters on the back of the miniature, given him by Christopher, he descried an horseman, riding at full speed towards the castle; and from his appearance,

appearance, judged it to be his 'Squire; but reason forbade his encouraging the idea: he had left him in the Isle of Wight, it was therefore impossible. His conjecture, however, was confirmed, for, on a near approach, he plainly discovered the features of Owen.

He instantly rushed into the court-yard, and exclaimed to his servant, who dismounted, "In the name of the blessed Trinity! what hast thou to impart?"

"In truth," returned the 'Squire, "I have not breath to impart any thing, I have lost it all by the way."

"This is no time for trifling!" cried the Knight, in an angry tone; "follow me, and ease the torturing suspense that racks my heart, or woe upon thee!"

Owen bowed, and attended Leonard to his closet, who said, "Now speak, void of thy

thy ill-timed gibes, or dread my just resentment !”

“ Why,” quoth the attendant, “ I would have told you all, if you had given me time, and, like a skilful doctor, would have administered medicine, to enable you to undergo the operation with patience.”

“ Wretch !” interrupted the son of Christopher, “ Is this thy boasted regard ? But proceed ; tell me the cause of thy being here, or by him who gave me life, this instant is your last !”

“ I am afraid it will, without your kind assistance,” replied the servant, “ but prepare for the worst, if you will have it so : your mistress is stolen from the castle of Montmorenci ; by whom no one can tell ; all that we know is, she was put on board a boat by several men, who carried her off in less time than would truss a rabbit.”

Had

Had a dagger been planted in the breast of Leonard, it could not more have pained him.

“And is it possible,” he cried, “you cannot guess what is become of her?”

Owen shook his head, and sighed.

With folded arms, and his brow contracted with grief and indignation, the Knight threw himself into a chair, and continued buried in painful reverie; then, starting suddenly from his seat, he fell upon his knees and ejaculated.

“Almighty Father! listen and record my fixed resolve; never shall this frame know happiness, till the accursed authors of this horrid sacrilege are punished! Kneeling, I vow to dedicate my life to her revenge! And thou, oh fortune! blind and fickle Deity! also hear my prayer: befriend me in this trying hour; reveal to me the
name

name of her detested persecutor; bring us but point to point, and as thou pleasest, then bestow thy smiles!"

"While he spoke, his countenance was flushed with rage; his eye-balls rolled in their sockets, and his mind resembled the tempestuous ocean when Boreas' blasts convulse the watery gulph.

"Caparison my charger!" cried he, "even now will I commence my search: every moment that I lose is a treason to love!"

Owen replied, "Truly sir, if I may presume to advise, it will be better to postpone your journey till the morning; consider, it is not now far from dark, and while that is the case, you may as well attempt to catch a will o'th'wisp! Besides, to say sooth, my courage is very apt to leave me by night; it is like an intermitting fever, comes and goes so quick, that I cannot be certain of it for a moment

moment together. Do, for heaven's sake, let us wait till dawn."

This persuasion had the desired effect; the impetuous Leonard consented to tarry daylight; on which the 'Squire withdrew, in order to recruit his exhausted strength, while his master remained a prey to anguish.

A few hours after, the Baron, in passing through the gallery of the castle, heard the buz of conversation in his lady's apartment, the door of which was open: advancing, he beheld her on her knees, entreating some man, whose features he could not distinguish, to spare her honour, though her life were the alternative. De Courci instantly rushed into the room; but oh! what pen can do justice to his feelings, when he saw Gertrude struggling to disengage herself from the hold of Leonard. Not all the influence of the Gorgeon's head could more effectually have deprived him of motion: he stood fixed to the spot, and tongue-tied by surprise; while
his

his consort rushed into his arms, exclaiming,
“ Oh! save me! save me!”

For a time the whole group remained in silence; at length the Baron, fixing his eyes on Leonard, thus addressed him.

“ Were I not myself a witness of your atrocious villany, not all the powers of the universe could cause me to believe it were possible. Is this the return for all the kindness I have lavished on you? I have been nursing a serpent in my bosom, which now repays me with the sharp venom of its cankered tooth. What punishment, just heaven, is equal to his crime? Without there—”

Several domesticks appeared, to whom he thus continued.

“ Attend, and mark my orders: drag yon ungrateful wretch to the tower near the postern-gate; load him with irons, and, on your lives, see that all light be secluded from
his

his cell ; in darkness let him brood over his guilt, and learn the recompense of black ingratitude."

Gertrude threw herself upon her knees, her eyes brimful of sorrow, and cried, " Alas ! my Lord ! hear my petition ; and, as your indulgent nature has never yet refused the boon I asked, Oh ! see me thus enforce it at your feet : confine him not ; far from the dwelling of his injured benefactor let him shape his way, and leave to Providence the reward of his offence.

" Arise," said the Baron, softened by this address, " on thy account I mitigate my rigour. Convey him according to my orders, but manacle him not ; for sure, if conscience can gain admittance to his callous heart, all corporeal weight will be superfluous ! Ask me no further, nor put me to the pain of denying you. Bear him away, it shocks my sight to think that nature should

have stamped the form of man on such a monster."

The servants approached to seize the Knight, who, drawing his sword with unparalleled valour, held them long at bay; but, overpowered by numbers, his courage was fruitless; they captured him, and, spite of his struggle, dragged him to prison.

Several days now rolled on at the castle, without any occurrence worthy of being mentioned, when a misfortune happened, which threw the whole mansion into a state of confusion.

The worthy owner had retired to his couch, but sleep was banished from his lids; nor when the chiming clock beat two, had he scarce closed his eyes: the taper twinkled in the socket, and at last expired, when he heard footsteps creeping into his apartment: while he lay perplexed in conjecture, the
curtains

curtains were undrawn, and, in the same moment, he received a wound, which fortunately only grazed his arm. Suddenly he wrenched the dagger, and plunged it into the body of the midnight assassin; then called aloud for lights: the servants flew with them; but better had their Lord for ever remained in darkness; for, in the features of the murderer, he discovered his own wife!

What a sight for an husband, who professed the tenderest affection for his consort, and from whom alone he hoped for happiness, or misery! he gazed with a sensation not to be described; while the Baronefs, turning her eyes towards him, faintly cried, "Can I, oh! can I ask forgiveness of one I have so basely injured? Yet, so well I know your noble disposition, that, as a few short moments only stand 'twixt me and dread eternity, you will not let me vainly plead for pardon, nor embitter the few remaining mo-

ments, even of a wretch like me, by withholding the consolation which it is in your power to give."

De Courci, with the assistance of his domestics, placed her on a couch, and ordered them to procure immediate assistance.

"Not for your lives," exclaimed Gertrude, "death is the only friend I can now rely on; and, as I feel his hasty stride, listen all, and profit by my confession. Infidelity to your bed, my Lord, was my first, and, shocking as it may appear, my least offence. You cannot have forgotten; Alas! too well do I remember it! When you left your own mansion for that of Fitzallan; during your absence that villain visited me, and, with all the subtilty of masked hypocrisy, entreated permission to remain my safeguard. Unconscious of his purpose, I consented. What can I say? In one unguarded, fatal moment, I sacrificed my honour, and your own, to that arch fiend.

When

“ When virtue once has taken a step down the deep, tremendous crag of vice, it is easier far to descend the dangerous precipice, than by a firm and steady resolution, seek to prevent the ill effects of what is passed: step by step we are, imperceptibly, led on in error, and, hardly ever pause, till we reach the gloomy valley of perdition!

“ Such was my case: had I stopped there, all might have been as well, as a mind torn by compunction, could be: nor would your heart have ever felt the pangs I feel this knowledge of my offence occasions. Still, surely, when you know the summit of my baseness, you will bless Providence, that, by your hand, cuts off a wretch unfit to live.

“ In an illicit intercourse with Edmund did I continue, till your letters informed me you were returning victorious from the
K 3 borders.

borders. The praises which you lavished on your youthful soldier, caused me, with double impatience, to await your return: the hour at last arrived, that sealed my destiny; the instant I beheld the gallant Leonard, love's fiery torch consumed my heart, and has ever since burned with increasing fury in my breast.

“ During his first sojourn here, I panted to declare my passion; but the service of his country called him from us, and with an aching heart, I saw him quit these walls. Absence, the accustomed antidote of lovers, increased the heat within my bosom, and I languished for his return. He came, an hero, crowned with laurel, the pride of England, and his friends.

“ I could no longer conceal my adulterous passion; and, on the evening of his 'Squire's arrival, passing his chamber, I beheld.

I beheld him bathed in tears: yes, his manly eyes were suffused with drops of sorrow; and sobs of anguish burst from his tortured breast. I could not bear to view him thus; like gentle breezes on the glowing embers, it added fire to the flame, and I requested an interview in my own apartment; first exacting from him a solemn vow, never to impart the subject of our converse. He attended, and in one moment I forgot the dignity of my sex; the duty that I owed my Lord, and every earthly, every heavenly tie.—I confessed I loved him.

“The astonished youth could hardly speak: at length;”—“I know not,” he replied, “what answer it befits me to make; or whether to retire, and leave you to your own reflection. But, as you hope for everlasting peace, stifle this horrid infatuation, which is an ill requital for the Baron’s profuse tenderness! the secret, I hope I need not tell you, re-

mains with me as though I had never known it: I would I never had!"

"Seeing he was about to depart," continued Gertrude, "I fell upon my knees, and conjured him not to leave me: at that instant I descried you at the door, and converted my suppliant situation to my own advantage; happy to be avenged on Leonard, whose indifference stung me to the heart. You know what followed; by my arts did that deserving young man become the inmate of a noisome dungeon: compunction, I must own, then seized me, but my love, deaf as the wind to every cry of conscience, hurried me on; and considering you, my Lord, the only obstacle that stood 'twixt me and my desires, I formed the dreadful resolution of destroying you; and this night entered your chamber, to put my accursed plan in execution; but, I thank the disposer of all things, I fell in my own snare!"

The

The wretched Gertrude again solicited forgiveness of De Courci.

"If my pardon," exclaimed the benignant husband, "can aught avail, or smooth your passage to the other world, look up secure of it; and may you experience the same mercy from an offended Deity!"

"Heaven eternally bless you!" cried she, "one thing more; Leonard was by me——"

Here her voice failed: she clasped her hands, while, like a dying taper that now glimmers, now is lost, her soul trembled in its mortal socket: at length the spark of life expired, and she breathed her last, "*With all her imperfections on her head!*"

The Baron bedewed the body of his unhappy consort with many a tear; and then, attended by his domestics, hastened to liberate

rate

rate the captive Leonard. They opened his prison door, and called upon his name, but no answer was received, save the responsive notes of echo! they then entered, and searched, but all in vain; the dungeon was evacuated, yet were there no traces of his escape.

Gertrude's last words now struck Edgar, and he imparted the same to his father, who suspected that ill-fated youth had fallen by her revengeful arm. He quitted the cell, having given orders that diligent quest should be made after the Knight; offering, also, a reward to any that should bring tidings of him; though, at the same time, De Courci feared, if he ever again beheld him, it would be no longer the blooming, gallant Leonard, but a pale inanimate corpse.

END OF VOL. I.